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TO NAME J. J. RASKOB chairman of the Democratic National Committee was a characteristic piece of Al Smith strategy. It was surprising—Raskob had listed himself in "Who's Who" as a Republican, and his name had not been prominent among the candidates—and it was bold. Smith has a genius for making headline news. There is no doubt of Raskob's capacity. By sheer ability he has lifted himself from a $5-a-week clerkship to his present position as millionaire chief of the General Motors Corporation, which has put the Cadillac, the Buick, and the Chevrolet where they are in the automobile world. Presumably the organizing talent which has made history in the motor world can adapt itself to a political campaign. Presumably, too, Raskob has friends who will help to grease the wheels of the Democratic campaign. He is a vice-president of the E. I. du Pont de Nemours Company—Irénée du Pont, president of the great Delaware munitions firm, has already announced his support of Smith for President. Raskob's appointment should do much to stifle business fear of a Democratic President, and start the flow of campaign contributions.

RASKOB LIKES AL, and Al likes Raskob. But Raskob has hitherto been a Republican; he openly supported Coolidge in 1924, and later came out for his renomination. What brings him to leadership of the Democratic Party? So far as one can discover, only his fondness for Al and his opposition to prohibition. He is an open, avowed Wet. By selecting him to lead the campaign, Al Smith has again insisted upon prohibition as the dominant issue of his campaign. That means, probably, sacrificing Dry border States in a bid for support in the Wet States of the East. This may be good strategy; the ballots will tell. To a degree we admire Al Smith for such frankness; he makes no bones of defending Tammany, and he is increasingly outspoken on prohibition. In comparison with the pussyfooting politicians who either evade the issue or drink in private and support the Volstead Act in public he shines like a sun of sincerity. But his selection of Raskob is to a considerable degree an abandonment of the progressive elements which have given Governor Smith a large part of his popular backing. Raskob is head of one of the greatest open-shop, anti-union corporations in the country. To name him may prove that Wall Street need no longer fear the Democratic Party; but it seems also to mean that progressives need not look to Smith for support. Since George Norris of Nebraska has refused to lead the Middle Western Farmer-Labor effort to form a third party, more and more liberals who take their economic principles seriously will vote for Norman Thomas, the Socialist candidate for President.

MEANWHILE MR. HOOVER remains magnificently mute. He has announced that he will have nothing to say until he is notified of his nomination on August 11. He will appear on the rear platform of his private train, and he will bow and smile. He will confer in private with his advisers and with President Coolidge. But the public will have to worry along with only the rear-platform smiles, the movie and Sunday-supplement pictures to feed its curiosity. It may be that the public, fed on a diet of tabloids, has been reduced to liking its candidates to be purely ornamental; but we confess that we have an old-fashioned preference for a man who speaks out. We should like to see the Republican candidate for President face a battery of hard-boiled, cynical reporters and tell what he really thinks about farm relief, the "experiment" of prohibition, Nicaragua, Muscle Shoals, and the power-trust propaganda. We should even like to listen in while the tabloid reporters sought his views on the Tunney-Heeney fight, Nobile's rescue, horned toads, the secret of Babe Ruth's hitting, the mystery of Lowenstein's disappearance, and how and where he learned to swim.

INVESTIGATION HAS DISCLOSED what everybody knew: that Southern post-office jobs are regularly sold outright in return for contributions to Republican campaign committees. Bascom Slemp, once a Congressman, later secretary to Calvin Coolidge, and still later official delegate-collector for Herbert Hoover, was one of the post-office brokers in the old days, and his letters insisting upon the contributions were printed in the *Congressional Record.* The practice dates back to the carpet-bagging days just after the Civil War. Little has been done about it in the past, and we suspect that little will be done now. Postmaster General New has served notice that he will dismiss any postmaster or letter carrier who admits having paid for

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his job. That seems to us cruel and futile. The postmasters and letter carriers did not implore the Republican committeemen to let them pay for their jobs. They were assessed. They were informed that unless they made "voluntary contributions" they would have no jobs. The responsible sinners are the men who profit by these sales. As the New York *World* points out:

> The organization in the South is an important part—sometimes a decisive element—in the mechanism of Republican Party control. The ten Southern States which the Republicans never carry . . . hold, even under the revised representation, 144 delegates in national conventions. These were the delegates who in 1896, bought up by Mark Hanna, swung the St. Louis convention to McKinley instead of Tom Reed. They were the delegates who in 1912 made the Taft-Root steam-roller effective. All but three of them lined up in a solid phalanx at the last convention for Hoover and assured in advance his victory over the combined opposition.

In other words, Mr. Hoover owes his nomination in large part to these petty post-office sales. Has he anything to say about it?

A MAN OF SEA-GREEN HUE, Robespierre, led a revolution in France, and now it is James A. Maxton, the "sea-green incorruptible" of the House of Commons, who leads the Left of the British Labor Party in revolution against the Right. "For some time," states a manifesto signed by Maxton and "Emperor" A. J. Cook, "a number of us have been seriously disturbed as to where the British Labor movement is being led." Events since the general strike of 1926—wherein Cook played a leading role—cause them to fear that it is not heading toward that "socialism in our times" which they feel is the only worth-while goal for Labor. In particular they oppose the peace conference between the Trade Unions Congress and Sir Alfred Mond's group of employers. For Maxton and Cook such attempts at compromise and reform are not only futile but illogical; for them there can be no compromise between capitalism and socialism. If the Labor Party is content with gentle reform policies, they believe, it is but another liberal party with a different name. Their manifesto declares that they "no longer can stand by and see thirty years of devoted work destroyed in making peace with capitalism."

WE COMMENTED recently [June 27] upon the adverse effect upon the political fortunes of Governor Fuller of the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti. But it would be of more practical value if this blot upon the justice of Massachusetts should lead to a general revulsion in the United States against capital punishment. Such is the effect, we learn from a Berlin dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune*, of what the correspondent calls Germany's Sacco-Vanzetti affair. Two years ago Joseph Jakubovsky was executed on a charge of having murdered his four-year-old son. Jakubovsky was a Russian, and in spite of the fact that he spoke imperfect German he was not allowed to have an interpreter. The chief evidence against him was that of a neighbor who has since been removed to an insane asylum. Since the execution there has been a growing belief that it was a miscarriage of justice. Baron Kurt von Reibnitz, an aristocrat and the Socialist Premier of the State of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, is leading a movement to clear Jakubovsky's name. Several of the jurors have said that they did not expect the Russian would be executed, as capital punishment has been on the wane in Germany since the republic. When the Reichstag meets again an effort will be made to do away with the death penalty in the German penal code. The Socialists will use the Jakubovsky case as an argument against judicial murder.

COTTON MANUFACTURERS of New Bedford who opened their mills and summoned their employees back to work after twelve weeks of strike were given a dramatic rebuff when 18,000 strikers appeared at the mill gates but only thirty workers returned to their machines. The victory of the strikers in keeping their ranks virtually intact after three months of hunger is all the more remarkable because the National Guard and special police details were at the mill gates to protect and encourage strike-breakers. The strikers conducted themselves with such scrupulous respect for the law that the National Guard was immediately withdrawn. The left-wing group among the strikers, with two leaders in prison, continues to suffer at the hands of local police, but the morale of the strike is unbroken. Strike relief is meager, but all who apply are given some food. Now it is the manufacturers' turn to crack. Persistent rumors of a split in the owners' ranks give hope for a strike victory in the near future.

ADDRESSING THE MOTION-PICTURE publicity men recently, Mayor Walker intimated that for the coming Presidential campaign "the industry had been delivered into the camp of one of the major political parties." This suggestion was promptly attacked by Louis B. Mayer and other officials of the industry. The news reels, they said, were like newspapers—offering space to all sorts of topics without discrimination. Ercel C. McAteer, Assistant Director of Visual Education in the Los Angeles city schools, seems to disagree. In the *Educational Screen* for June she explains how the movies have counteracted un-Americanism in the past and how they must proceed in the future. Primarily, she says, the movies should carry the message of pride and patriotism. "For such a purpose we have such films as 'The Big Parade,' 'West Point,' and . . . our news reels showing . . . our powerful navy and a hundred and one other objects of pride." Miss McAteer fears that if we do not watch out the "stream of subversive Bolshevist agitation" will sap the foundations of our country. Now "What influence . . . can motion pictures exert on the mind of the growing child to counteract in part such subversive influences?" They can, she suggests, "do much . . . by showing the miserable failure of communism in Russia . . . the starvation, hardships, deprivations, and degradations suffered by that people." With Miss McAteer as director it should not be hard to obtain such a picture on almost any lot in Hollywood. But would it prove that the movies are never used for propaganda?

GOOD-WILL MISSIONS seem to be one of the chief products of American enterprise and business capacity: good-will fliers to South America, Lindbergh in Mexico, Central America, and the islands of the Caribbean, and now an invitation from the American-Russian Chamber of Commerce to aviator Chukhnovsky, Professor Samoilovich, and the rest of the Russian expedition for the relief of Nobile to come to America as the guests of the chamber. Never since the Revolution has Russia stood so high in the estimation of the rest of mankind. All peo-

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ple of all classes in every country have waited with breathless eagerness for the news day by day of the sturdy Krassin and the daring aviators who finally succeeded in saving all but five of the 21 explorers and would-be rescuers who have been taken off the ice here and there in the Arctic. Certainly now is the time to crystallize this widespread but rather imponderable "good-will" into a solid sentiment. It is of such stuff, deftly handled, that decent international relations are made. It is from this, too, that trade and profits flow. We congratulate the chamber on its imagination and enterprise; and we await with eager delight the day when the Bolshevik heroes shall ride up Broadway amid showers of ticker-tape to be welcomed on the steps of City Hall by Grover Whalen in his finest top hat.

A TWENTY-TWO-YEAR-OLD LAD was struck by a bolt of lightning; a forty-eight-year-old veteran became President of Mexico for the second time—and it is hard to tell which event seemed more important to the Mexicans, or which was. For young Emiliano Carranza symbolized a 1928 Mexico in a flaming, dramatic way; the "Mexican Lindbergh" was living evidence that boys who grew up in an ancient Spanish environment on the ruins of a still more ancient Aztec civilization could play heroic roles in the new mechanical age. He removed that inevitable sense of amazed inferiority which peoples of the richest old cultures feel when faced with the self-assured Anglo-Saxon who has grown up among machines and can almost make a flying machine out of a canvas tent and a junked Ford car. And the thought of a Mexican flying alone over the mountains, deserts, and seas from Mexico City to Washington did much to dispel the cocksure superiority with which Yankees have been wont to regard the land across the Rio Grande. That boy who met death alone in a Jersey thunderstorm did as much to establish mass good-will between two peoples as a dozen diplomats—although perhaps it was Dwight Morrow who saw what Carranza's flight might do and sent him forth. Obregon's return to power as successor to his friend Calles means little change; he has proved himself an able administrator, and presumably he will not break sharply with any of Calles's policies. One can only regret that his campaign for reelection was scarred by the armed revolt, and subsequent execution, of his two chief rivals.

GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN was ninety years old on July 20. It is startling to realize that a man who resigned from one British Cabinet on a point of conscience fifty-eight years ago and from another forty-two years ago is among our contemporaries today. A generation has grown up too young to recall even that one of Sir George's sons resigned from still another Cabinet on another point of conscience only fourteen years ago—Charles Philips Trevelyan, who, with John Morley and John Burns, left the Asquith Cabinet because he would not compromise with war. A younger son, the poet Robert, was a conscientious objector. The third son, George Macaulay Trevelyan, historian of Italy, saw things differently. Statesman, poet, historian—the three sons expressed three sides of their father's rich life. One of the most terrible indictments of British rule in India ever penned is contained in his "Cawnpore," published sixty-three years ago. In that account of the Sepoy Rebellion he wrote that the Indians learned too late

> that our soldiers could kill within a year more heathen than our missionaries had converted in the course of a century; that our social-science talk about the sacredness of human life and our May-meeting talk concerning our duty toward those benighted souls for whom Christ died meant that we were to forgive most of those who had never injured us and seldom hang an innocent Hindu if we could catch a guilty one; that the great principles of mercy and justice and charity must cease to be eternally true until the injured pride of the mighty nation had been satisfied, its wrath glutted, and its sway restored.

That is the rebel spirit that has made England morally great. We salute Sir George on his birthday, and congratulate him and England that the race and the spirit of the Trevelyans is still strong.

"PREHISTORIC" DOES NOT MEAN so much in the Arctic as it does in Mesopotamia. Little was known of the Bering Sea before the Dane whose name it bears explored it in the year 1725, and its barren islands have never been thoroughly studied. The four prehistoric mummies discovered by the Stoll-McCracken expedition may help to solve the mystery of the Indian migrations from Asia, or they may merely add one more chapter to our knowledge of the North Asiatic peoples. They date, the dispatches report, from the "Stone Age." But the Stone Age in the Arctic is recent enough to be historic. The mummies, for all we yet know about them, may be less than two hundred years old. They are not, apparently, even mummies in the ordinary sense of the term. Presumably they were like the other "mummies" hitherto discovered in the same region, at least one of which was preserved in alcohol and sent to a museum. It was the stories of these "mummies" which sent the Stoll-McCracken expedition on its way; it has found precisely what it sought. Arctic soil preserves better than alcohol or formalin or even the mysterious fluids of the Egyptians. A person buried three feet beneath the Arctic sod should reveal even his complexion after 10,000 years; and this is no guess of science, for mammoths at least as ancient have been discovered in the snows of North Siberia with their flesh so perfectly refrigerated as to be edible.

GIOVANNI GIOLITTI, who has just died in his eighty-sixth year, was known as the "Old Fox" of Italian politics; he had participated in every conceivable parliamentary combination on every side of every political fence. The first of his five premierships began in 1892, and ended in a scandal that led to his impeachment. Ten years later he came into office again, with the support of the Socialists. His greatest achievement was, probably, the wide extension of the suffrage—but even that has gone by the board under Mussolini's sway. Giolitti vigorously opposed Italy's participation in the World War and was accused of being pro-German. In fact, he merely foresaw that participation in the war could bring Italy nothing, and believed that "sacro egoismo" dictated a watch-and-wait policy. The misfortunes of the peace brought him back into public favor, but his policy of balancing one parliamentary group against another did not supply the necessary vigor. First, he supported the Socialists; then he indorsed Mussolini. Still later, he became the leader of a rather futile parliamentary opposition to the Mussolinian dictatorship, and his last public act was a bold denunciation of the new Fascist electoral law. But, shifting so often, he had forfeited public confidence. Opposition to Mussolini will have to be built around men who have not trimmed their sails to so many political storms.

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What Is This Kellogg Talk About Peace?

ARTICLE I

The High Contracting Parties solemnly declare in the names of their respective peoples that they condemn recourse to war for the solution of international controversies, and renounce it as an instrument of national policy in their relations with one another.

ARTICLE II

The High Contracting Parties agree that the settlement or solution of all disputes or conflicts of whatever nature or of whatever origin they may be, which shall arise among them, shall never be sought except by pacific means.

THOSE are the magnificent words which form the heart of what is coming to be known as the "Kellogg Peace Pact." Read by themselves, they outlaw war. The Covenant of the League required its members to agree to submit all disputes to arbitration or inquiry, and not to resort to war until three months after the arbitral award or report, but it left the gap that war might then be declared. The Kellogg pact seems to close that gap. Unqualified, it would constitute a new era in international relations.

Unfortunately, it is not unqualified. Mr. Kellogg's note of June 23 substantially accepted the French reserves to his original treaty. We have no quarrel with his acceptance of the French plea that if one nation goes to war in violation of its solemn pledge the others would automatically be released from their obligation toward it. We agree with him that it would have been well to understand this without saying it, rather than to incorporate in the documents an express expectation that some of the Powers may violate their promises. His express acceptance of this principle is, furthermore, an implied indorsement of the League Covenant and the Locarno pacts.

Mr. Kellogg's acceptance of an undefined right of self-defense is another matter, opening the gates to such interpretation of his pact as may leave nothing of it. "There is nothing in the American draft of an anti-war treaty," he says, "which restricts or impairs in any way the right of self-defense. . . . Every nation is free at all times and regardless of treaty provisions to defend its territory from attack or invasion and it alone is competent to decide whether circumstances require recourse to war in self-defense." But what is the use of outlawing war if each nation is left to decide for itself "whether circumstances require recourse to war in self-defense"? Did anyone ever hear of a nation declaring war without insisting that its war was essentially a measure of self-defense? The words are particularly ominous when one recalls President Coolidge's declaration at the United Press dinner on April 26, 1927, that "the person and property of a citizen are a part of the general domain, even when abroad." There is no form of international skulduggery which could not slip safely through the loose net of those words. We need definition of the words "war" and "self-defense" if this pact is to mean anything at all.

Mr. Kellogg's letter of June 23 simply ignored the significant passage in Sir Austen Chamberlain's note of May 19. But it raised questions which, once raised, cannot be forgotten unless explicitly disavowed. Sir Austen said:

> There are certain regions of the world the welfare and integrity of which constitute a special and vital interest for our peace and safety.
>
> His Majesty's Government have been at pains to make it clear in the past that interference with these regions cannot be suffered. Their protection against attack is to the British Empire a measure of self-defense. It must be clearly understood that His Majesty's Government in Great Britain accept the new treaty upon the distinct understanding that it does not prejudice their freedom of action in this respect. The Government of the United States has comparable interests, any violation of which by a foreign Power they have declared that they would regard as an unfriendly act. His Majesty's Government believe, therefore, that in defining their position they are expressing the intention and meaning of the United States Government.

Well, are they? Mr. Kellogg has not said, that is, directly. But in explaining that his pact would have no effect upon the Administration's private war in Nicaragua he has by implication agreed with Sir Austen's generous reservations. Presumably Britain, despite his pact, would be left free to adopt similar means to prevent "interference"—whatever that may mean—in "certain regions of the world"—which, while undefined, certainly include Egypt, the Sudan, the Arabian Peninsula, and the Persian Gulf, and perhaps also Afghanistan, Tibet, and the Malay Archipelago. In return the United States is free to use such means as the State Department and the Marine Corps may judge opportune to maintain the "welfare and integrity" of Latin America, and to guard it against "interference" or "attack."

This needs clearing up. As Lord Cecil of Chelwood says in the London *Spectator:* "To renounce war only in cases of minor importance is to refuse to renounce it at all. If Great Britain reserved certain questions in the manner indicated, other nations would undoubtedly do the same, and the renunciation of war would be reduced to an empty and meaningless formula."

Another Englishman, Henry N. Brailsford, has remarked in the *New Republic* that "the extent to which, without the sin of 'war,' one may trespass on one's neighbor's territory, bombard his towns, slaughter his citizens, blockade his coasts, and coerce his government to do that which it would not spontaneously do is one of the most surprising discoveries of our refined civilization." The Western Powers have never been technically at war with Soviet Russia although they have occupied her soil, blockaded her ports, and caused the deaths of some hundreds of thousands of Russians. Our operations in Nicaragua have not been, in Mr. Kellogg's eyes, "war," although they have been conducted by 5,000 men in uniform, equipped with modern ammunition and accompanied by squadrons of bombing planes. It was not "war" when Japan sent 5,000 troops 600 miles inland to Tsinanfu and used three-inch cannon and Stokes mortars to reduce the walls of the old Chinese city to dust, killing several hundred Chinese in the process. Nor was it war when British gunboats bombarded the defenseless city of Wanhsien, 1,200 miles up the Yangtze River.

We want more light on this Kellogg Pact. We want to

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know precisely what it does outlaw. We want a definition of "war" and of "self-defense." If the peoples of the world, told that their governments had signed a treaty that outlawed war forever, should discover that all that had been outlawed was the use of the word "war" and that their governments intended to continue acting precisely as they had always been acting, the disillusionment might be painful for all concerned. Perhaps it would be better to have no peace pact than one of so dubious a character. Analysis of Mr. Kellogg's explanations of his treaty is certainly leading many to a dispiriting suspicion that perhaps the whole affair is intended rather as an election-year gesture to warm the hearts of the American people toward the Republican Party than as a real forward step in international relations.

The Sacco Record

WHATEVER we of this generation and country believe in regard to the guilt or innocence of Nicolo Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti, a feeling is crystallizing that their arrest, trial, and execution are going down into history as one of the world's great judicial cases. It is safe to say that never before have so many persons been interested in a judicial proceeding nor so many convinced at its termination that injustice had been done. Unlike the Dreyfus case, there was no final clarification of the facts. Who committed the murders at South Braintree, Massachusetts, in 1920 is still (and probably will remain) a mystery. Thousands of persons today believe that the "good shoemaker" and the "poor peddler" were executed not because of evidence of guilt, but because the ruling class feared their political and economic ideas so greatly as to be unwilling to give them justice, and as the years pass there is reason to believe that the number of persons holding to such belief will grow rather than diminish.

Even among those who are most convinced of the guilt of the two Italian anarchists there is a realization now that the doubts of others will not down. The Boston *Herald* would hardly repeat at this time its fatuous comment, printed just after the execution, that "the time for . . . discussion is over. The chapter is closed." On the contrary, the discussion seems likely to survive the centuries and Sacco and Vanzetti, like Joan of Arc, are destined to become legendary figures. The chief concern of this generation, and its only chance of influence, is to give the legend as authentic a source as possible.

To that end both sides in the controversy should welcome the public spirit of the small group which has undertaken to print in full the record of the case, the first volume of which has just appeared, published by Henry Holt and Company. This first book contains 1,092 pages and there will be five other volumes of about the same size. The set will be sold for $25. The volumes will contain the complete court record, beginning with the trial in 1921 and including all subsequent proceedings in appeal. The minutes of Governor Fuller's advisory committee are to be included, as also the record of Vanzetti's trial for the robbery which took place in Bridgewater, Massachusetts, in 1919. The six volumes are wholly documentary, containing no expressions of opinion or comment. The original text of the record is followed, even to misspelled words and errors in punctuation. The committee which is sponsoring the publication consists of Newton D. Baker, Emory R. Buckner, Charles C. Burlingham, John W. Davis, Bernard Flexner, Raymond B. Fosdick, Charles P. Howland, Victor Morawetz, Charles Nagel, Walter H. Pollak, and Elihu Root. In a prefatory note to the first volume the committee says:

> The Sacco-Vanzetti case is without doubt an historical trial. As such it promises to be the subject of controversy and discussion for many years to come. It is important that the complete record of all the proceedings in the case should be available and accessible to historical students. Very few copies of the record are now in existence, and these practically not within reach of inquirers. Without the record, comment and criticism must be partial, if not partisan; with it, there can be no excuse for misrepresentation through ignorance or design.

Probably few persons will undertake to read the some 2,500,000 words of the six volumes, and not many will care to buy them for their private use. But hundreds of persons now and in subsequent years will have recourse to these volumes for reference purposes and they will be invaluable additions to the collections of public libraries. The publication of the complete record of the Sacco-Vanzetti case is an important contribution toward making the legal proceedings of our generation more understandable to the future than the great trials of the past are to us today.

Arctic Heroes—and Others

THE Arctic has given the world—and taken from the world—a long list of heroes in these days of slow waiting since the airship Italia stumbled and crashed on the ice off Northeast Land on May 25. It gave us, first, Amundsen the explorer, who with five men set out by plane to the rescue of the stranded Italians, disappeared into an empty and silent sky, and has not since been found or heard from. It gave us Lundborg, who flew to Nobile and his companions, coasted to a stop on the uneven ice, and lifted the Italian general to safety; who then returned to save the others, only to crash and himself wait through fourteen days of hardship until a companion, equally daring, swooped down and saved him. It gave us Sora, leader of a desperate attempt to save Nobile and his men by traveling overland with dog-sled and skis. It gave us the Krassin and her crew, shouldering her slow, indomitable way through the ice, saving the lives, at last, of all five men left behind on a moving, melting piece of ice when Nobile was rescued; and of Mariano and Zappi who had accompanied Malmgren in an effort to reach land on foot. It gave us the two Swedish fliers who, on instructions from the Krassin, rescued in a daring descent Sora and one of his comrades, nearly dead of starvation. It gave us Malmgren who, with a broken hand, led Mariano and Zappi on foot toward land, only to lie down when exhaustion overcame him, give his companions the entire food supply, and bid them leave him to a slow death in the ice. If any greater hero has emerged from the bitter fogs of the North, it is the Russian flier Chukhnovsky who has just been rescued by the Krassin from the shore near Cape Platen where he was stranded with four of his crew. Before he fell, he had flown day after day over the regions where the Italians and their rescuers were wandering; he had sighted Mariano and Zappi

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and, even after he himself had been forced to the ice, he had radioed their position to the Krassin and had given directions for their rescue. He had sighted another party and reported its location to the Krassin; probably it was Sora and his companions, for their rescue was effected according to directions radioed from the Russian ice-breaker. Now that its human salvage has been disposed of, the Krassin intends to start with him on another search for the men of the Italia's crew who floated off to almost certain death with the damaged bag of the airship, and for Amundsen and his five followers.

These men are only the more notable among almost 1,500 who have been engaged in the heroic fight to save the lost Italians, and to save those who have vanished in the effort to save them. But sometimes, out of danger and the demands of a desperate crisis, comes something other than courage. There is no use pretending that Nobile and Zappi and Mariano, who left their companions and made for safety, are heroes. In Nobile's behalf it may be said that he probably believed his crew would be saved shortly after he was; but this is poor praise for a leader of an expedition. About the two Italians who abandoned Malmgren the less said the better. Nor do the efforts from Italy to make these acts seem respectable help. No sooner had Nobile taken flight from the piece of ice which held his comrades, than dispatches, dated not from King's Bay but from Rome, explained that the General had allowed himself to be saved in order to organize and direct the rescue work.

> It was for this alone that General Nobile was taken off the ice pack by the Swedish airplane before his five companions, it being the general feeling that it would be best for him to sacrifice his natural inclination to remain with his men to the last and go to put his experience at the disposition of the rescue expeditions.

Instead he went to bed and has been ill—genuinely ill, no doubt—ever since.

Italians are as brave as other men, as capable of generous sacrifice. Other Italians have played a daring part in the efforts to save their countrymen. Even now several Italian aviators are scouring the frozen coastline in search of the Amundsen party. Yet Italy must share the blame for the fate of the Nobile expedition. Irrespective of the actions of the men themselves, the trip was a grandiose gesture, comparable to others we have learned to expect from the melodramatic regime in Italy. It was a huge display advertisement intended to blazon on the sky the story of Italy's daring. Its scientific purposes were from the beginning hidden under a fanfare of crosses and flags, of champagne and newspaper publicity. And, as a result, the world has been turned into a rescue mission and, if heroes have been discovered, heroes have also been lost. By an ill-prepared stunt, Nobile seems to have succeeded in killing some fourteen men, including one of the world's greatest explorers and a young scientist of promise. The money and effort that have been spent are not to be counted in the balance of lives wasted and hearts made sore. Nor of reputations lost. Mussolini's flamboyant braggadocio must be held, in part at least, responsible for this tawdry failure. And if Soviet Russia gloats a little over the heroic rescues effected by her ship and her aviators, she can hardly be blamed. It is one of the nice ironies of history that Mussolini's countrymen should have been saved from a death by freezing and starvation by the fliers and seamen of the Socialist Government of Russia.

Literary Cliques

IT is fashionable to reproach literary persons by saying that they flock together, and once a flock has been singled out for notice it is fashionable to imply that deep, dark things are done whenever its members perch on the same bough of the sacred wood. The feeling seems to be that they should seek separate trees and live like owls.

Now a writer is by definition a lonely person. Good work is done in solitude of some sort or other—and Emerson made it clear just how many sorts of solitude there may be, and how populous some of them are. But the writer is also of necessity, we believe, a creature who must have company from time to time; the more regularly the better. Before he writes, and after he writes, he must talk; and what better than a friendly group with whom to talk, a group where he will be understood, where he does not have to parade as perhaps he does before the public, where he can relax and at the same time gather strength? It is out of such a necessity at any rate that cliques—if we must use the reproachful word—have been born from time immemorial. For there was never a time when they did not exist; they are plentiful now and they always will be.

What harm they do it is difficult to see. There are collections of charlatans, to be sure, who meet only to flatter one another and who go forth only to review one another's books not unfavorably. But whom do they harm? If they are charlatans they will never be heard of again; it would be hard to prove that they keep good authors down; and indeed they give themselves a kind of fatuous pleasure of which it would be cruel to deprive them. We are thinking rather of the fruitful association of good minds—of Socrates and his cronies; of Sappho and her school; of Catullus and his young poet-friends; of Horace and Virgil; of the troubadours and the minnesingers; of Dante and those innumerable poets who clung about him and addressed good poems to him—good because of that fact and no other; of Ronsard, Ben Jonson, and their respective camps; of the English Cavaliers; of Swift, Gay, Pope, and the other members of the Scriblerus Club; of Goldsmith and his fond fellows; of Coleridge and all those of whom it has been said by the professor of poetry at Oxford that it was impossible for them in his presence to be ordinary; of Emerson and the other Transcendentalists; of the crowd that collected to produce the *Yellow Book;* of William Butler Yeats, "Æ," and the rest of those Irishmen who made a national literature out of their coming together; of the Georgians; of the anti-Georgians; of the American community who in the last decade revamped American poetry; and of the Fugitives in Tennessee. These were cliques, and so for that matter was the Brontë family a little clique by itself—a trio of girls on the Yorkshire moors who read German novels in communion and then out of that communion produced great novels of their own.

The only distinction between cliques is between those that succeed and those that do not. The latter become stale and ridiculous, and so deserve the opprobrium generally visited upon the word. The former simply produce rememberable art—and it is the art that most people remember, rather than the fact that those who created it once consorted in the sacred wood. Indeed this fact is never widely known. Good cliques form by necessity and for work, not by vanity and for advertising.

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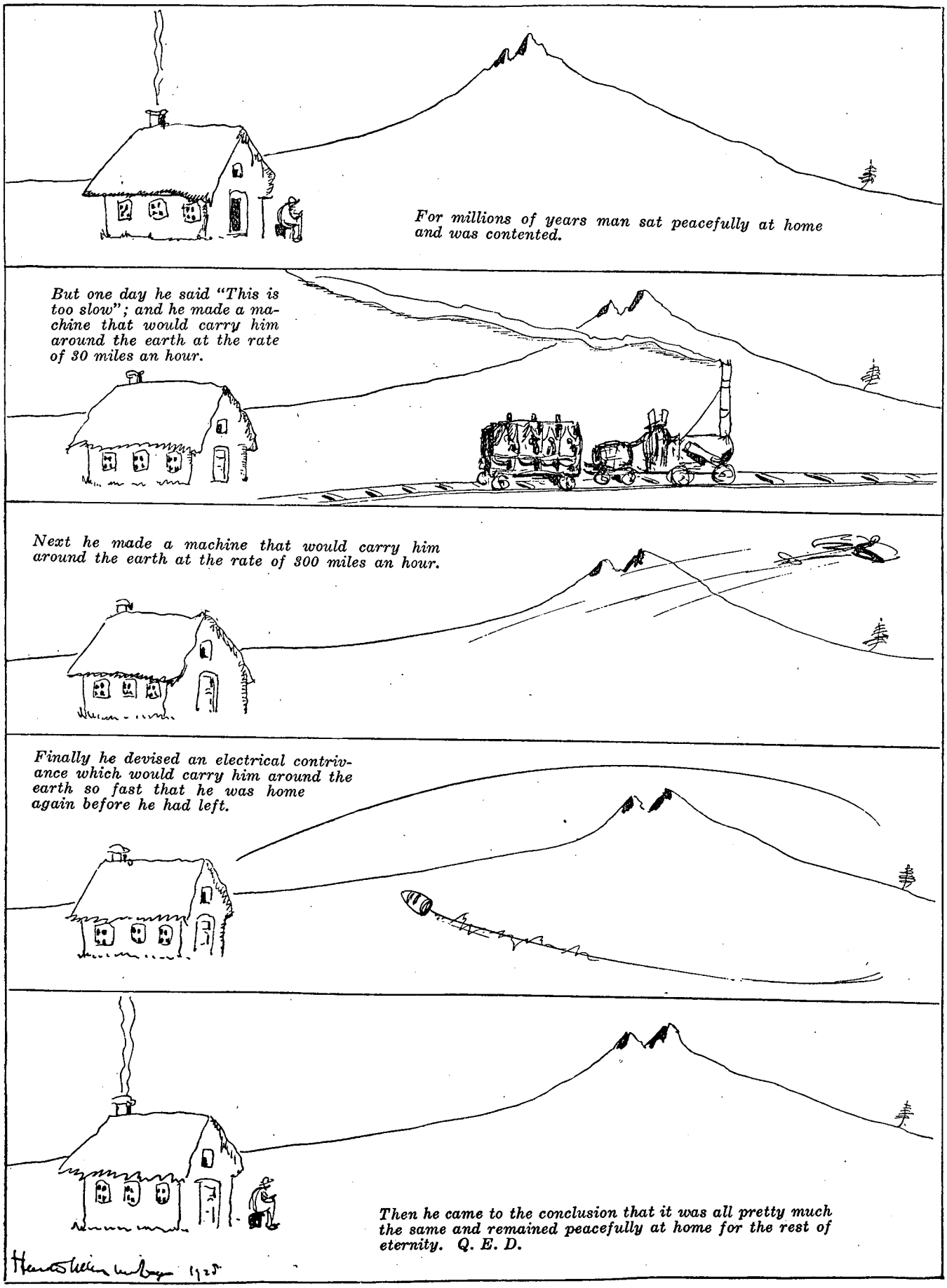
For millions of years man sat peacefully at home and was contented.
But one day he said "This is too slow"; and he made a machine that would carry him around the earth at the rate of 30 miles an hour.
Next he made a machine that would carry him around the earth at the rate of 300 miles an hour.
Finally he devised an electrical contrivance which would carry him around the earth so fast that he was home again before he had left.
Then he came to the conclusion that it was all pretty much the same and remained peacefully at home for the rest of eternity. Q. E. D.

Full Circle

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

ALONG about this time of year people trail off to England, to Paris, out on Long Island and up into Westchester. They are looking for the glory of the summer, among other things, and I do not know any more striking example of the blue-bird fallacy. Where on the wide earth does summer put on a better show than right here in Manhattan? This is not an attempt to contend that Broadway has better cabarets than the Berkshires. Nor will I pretend that it is always necessary to sleep under blankets here on the upper West Side. But I will boldly declare that a tree in town is worth a dozen to be seen in the forest. The sapling which grows and thrives in a backyard must have character as well as grace. This is a tree of determination. It has an individuality denied to timber all hedged about by fellows. Better a chestnut in Manhattan than a tall oak upon some far New England slope.

I said chestnut because that's what my tree happens to be. As a matter of fact, there are three plainly visible from my back window. Two are the property of neighbors. I merely have the use of such branches as trespass beyond the fence. Our grove behaves in civilized and sophisticated fashion. These backyard trees never go into wild hysterics at night because the wind blows. I think this is sophistication, but the fact that apartments tower all about may have something to do with it. Though at least one hundred windows open out upon them, the trees are not in any way self-conscious. Quite calmly they fulfil the schemes of nature from bud to leaf, no matter how many gaze upon these intimate details of family life. One thing the country possesses is lacking with us. Not many birds come down the canyon to perch upon our tree tops. Sparrows don't count. Still no wood ever rang with such a profusion of melody as that which animates our block. The music studios are all about and each afternoon Butterfly pines and dies and Mimi moves to heaven on a high note.

You might think that all these constant reminders of the tragedy which dogs the steps of opera heroines might grow a little mournful, but I never mark the songs and think only of the singers. It is my guess that these are mostly girls come out of Kansas or the far Dakotas to batter a way into the golden city. When Joshua fought at Jericho he sounded blasts upon the ram's horn and the walls came tumbling down. And just so I hope the barriers will crumble before the assault of these gigantic and big-voiced Butterflies. Surely there was no note ever sounded in the Jericho Expeditionary Force more lusty and sustained.

Of course, I realize that Joshua went into battle with bright eyes and lifted head because he knew the Lord was with him in his adventure. But whether it comes from God or the bracing wind of Kansas the thought of victory is quite obviously within the heart of every member of the singing battalions along this block. In the winter and in the fall doubt may have wormed into some of the solos, but in the summer the golden horseshoe of the Metropolitan seems to glitter on every window sill.

And because of this speculative element I hold it is more fun to live in a lane of soprani than among the best of thrushes out where the thicker woods begin. A thrush may sing you a good song, but after all he has no future. He will never be a front-page bird. And that could happen to some of our songsters.

I know that in any given case the odds are tremendous, but this is a city of long shots. Far down the block, just at this minute, someone sings "Chanson Indoue." I don't know much about voices, but as it rackets back and forth among the fences this is a pretty sound. Maybe it will be one of the great voices of America within a year or two years and it is my privilege to listen without benefit of either ticket or complimentary pass. I need do no more than stop pounding the keys of this typewriter, an act of abnegation which I am ready to perform at the drop of any hat.

Still, when I sit back to loaf and listen, remorse assails me. Ambition is blooming epidemically all along the alley. Those who do not sing or paint are writing great American novels. Late into the night the clicking continues. One does not miss the woodpeckers who live in the birches north of Stamford. I prefer the novelists. It is a poor bird who will devour his own nest. Anyhow I don't want to sit here idle while literature is being turned out all around me.

Even at a distance it is possible sometimes to get an inkling of the precise quality of the competition. Not all the work we do along this block is literature. A masterpiece walks across the keys with a bolder tread than any article which is commissioned. One can detect by sound in just which flat there sits an unhappy soul who's working under pressure. The columnist, the essayist, and the novelist each has his own peculiar tempo. Often I detect the fact that there is reluctance and even protest in the touch of the fingers on the keys. I make the guess that the girl up on the ninth floor across the way is not really gunning for posterity this evening. This piece of hers will set no walls to tumbling down. God is not with her and she knows it. She is experimenting with cheap fiction because she owes money to the butcher.

But on the fifth floor everything is very different. In the room behind the drawn blind punishing blows are being struck at a machine no longer new. The carriage of the typewriter is wheezing and panting in an effort to keep up with the thought of the writer. That girl certainly knows her own mind. No part of this monograph will be devoted to an explanation of the difference between the male and female touch on the machine. That is too simple. And so I repeat it is a girl upon the fifth floor and one who seemingly writes without a trace of inhibition. Can this be a document fit to rank with the great confessions of literary history? Is it possible that she is about to tell all?

She has not quit for as much as two seconds to make a search for the right word. In fact all the words in the world seem to be pouring down upon that sheet of paper. Certainly there should be ample emotion in that story. The composing hands create as great a clang as if she were performing with a hammer on an anvil. Possibly she leads attack upon injustice. It could be that the writer is protesting against some mighty wrong. Her back and shoulders contribute to the vehemence of every sentence. Good girl! Hit the knaves and rascals once again!

But all this energy is rather distressing. I have a lot of work to do. I ought to be tuning myself up into some

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sort of frenzy of inspiration just like that. Maybe she isn't doing anything of importance. Perhaps it isn't a story at all. Even with the most powerful creative urge in the world the rhythm sounds a little too regular in its beat to be original composition. Suddenly the solution of the mystery comes to me in a flash of intuition. The thing is clear as any Morse code. She is writing over and over again, "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party."

Mr. Lorimer and Me

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

Utopia: 1. An imaginary island, the seat of an ideally perfect social and political life; described by Sir Thomas More in a romance. 2. Hence any state or place of ideal perfection. (Gr. *ou*, not; *topos*, place.)

ANYWAY, so say Funk & Wagnalls, and, without going into the question as to how an ideally perfect life may differ from one unideally perfect, or three-quarters ideally perfect, it may be interesting to consider that the word "Utopia" has come to mean something totally other than this exact definition. For whereas once Utopia was a place or a state avowedly unattainable, it has come to indicate now a condition of society which may sometime actually exist.

The date of that sometime is vague. Various authorities place it between 1933 and 19935. But it *is* coming, of course; it is to be heralded by a socialist (or prohibitionist or feminist or fundamentalist or osteopathic) sweep in the American elections, and thereafter all young men and women (the old ones will immediately be killed off) will go about in flowing garments of soft wool, dancing on village greens to be created in the middle of New York, Berlin, and Sauk Center, speaking with melodious eagerness to one another about single tax and sculpture, and loving freely but without jealousy. In that amiable era there will be no arthritis, oratory, trout that break leaders, or persons who snicker: "Lissen! I seen Cal Smith walking with Phrobisha Brown!"

If I believed that such an ideally perfect and innocent time were coming in my lifetime, I should commit suicide at once. I can imagine nothing more horrible than a world in which no one was hard-boiled and mean; in which every one beamed like a Y. M. C. A. secretary, insisted on helping all the brethren who damn well wanted to be left alone, and conversed with mellifluous omniscience about Keats, the quantum theory, S. Parkes Cadman, four-wheel brakes, S. A., and Chateau Yquem. For imperfect humanity, it would be intolerable. It would be like sitting through eternity listening to the Archangel Michael recalling your every foolishness, while the Dominions beside the Throne sang regularly, every seven seconds, like energetic but slightly humorless crows, "Hallelujah."

Matter of fact, I don't believe my Utopia would vastly differ from that of Mr. George Horace Lorimer of the *Saturday Evening Post*. It is true that for the last six or seven years George has caused to be printed articles and editorials, also verses by that really charming wit, Mr. Arthur Guiterman, suggesting that my books and myself are the spawn of an unpatriotic would-be high-brow. But—aside from the fact that George may be entirely right—it does not for a moment keep me from remembering that he was the best boss that, as a free lance, I ever had. He read the MSS promptly, he paid promptly and magnificently, and personally he had the kind of splendid charm which makes one think of him as the prototype of the Big Brother.

Now, Mr. Lorimer's Utopia, I fancy, would consist of a world of delightful and miraculously convenient little homes; of people competent in their jobs; and, for vacation, the Canadian wilds, the South Sea Islands, and dinner in Paris. I don't know that I can in any way improve on this Utopian vision.

It is obvious, of course, that George is not very pleasant to Polish Jews, Italian anti-Fascists, and Scott Nearing. But, good Lord, who among us is not inexcusably unpleasant to certain divisions of mankind—to Mencken, or John Roach Straton, to bridge-players or Communists, to Greeks or Christian Scientists? And he does so superbly know that most men and some women will continue forever—till that day, a few million years from now, when we shall cease to be the planetary fleas—to rejoice quite as much in their jolly ordinariness as in their poetic superiority.

I'm awfully sorry, but I do not believe that mankind will ever be ideally perfect. I am convinced that in the year of Our Lord 19935 there will still be old women who peer out between curtains in the hope of discovering titillating improprieties; there will still be people who serve and people who give orders; there will still be radical *Nations* and conservative *Saturday Evening Posts*, for both of which reasonable people will give equal thanks.

The assumption of Utopianophiles is that most people long for security, perfect justice, wisdom. Yeah? Did Lindbergh have to fly the Atlantic? Does a New York millionaire have to carry a pack and sleep in a tent in the wilderness during his vacation? Did the dying consumptive Guynemer have to wangle himself into the air service? Did the Gene Debs, who knowingly compelled the Right Sort to send him to jail, desire an on-the-green-dancing-and-generally-artistic-and-soft-hearted-William-Morris Utopia?

I am frequently credited with being the worst crab, next to Father Mencken and Father Nathan, in our Beloved States. I am informed by innumerous preachers and editorial writers that I'm all for anarchism and bombing and general hell to pay. Actually, I like the Babbitts, the Dr. Pickerbaughs, the Will Kennicotts, and even the Elmer Gantrys rather better than any one else on earth. They are good fellows. They laugh—really laugh. I have for them only three Utopian ideals: that they should know a little more about history; that they should better comprehend the difference between Irish stew in America and fried mushrooms at Schoener's in Vienna; and that they should talk of the quest of God oftener than of the quest for the best carburetor.

It is perhaps impractical and Utopian to expect them to attain such virtue, but it is my only Utopismus.

[*This is the sixth of a series of articles in which various persons describe the world they would like to live in.*]

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Chicago Bullets

ANONYMOUS

[*A special grand jury in Chicago is investigating murders, vote frauds, kidnappings, and other crimes incident to the April primary elections in which Mayor "Big Bill" Thompson, State's Attorney Crowe, Governor Len Small, and their henchmen were defeated. The inquiry has met almost insuperable difficulties; witnesses have received anonymous threats and move in constant fear of assassination. Many persons have failed to come forward to testify.*

The article which appears below is a fragment of evidence which will not be presented in the inquiry. The writer, whose identity obviously must be protected, was one of 200 University of Chicago students who volunteered to act as watchers at the polls in some of the worst wards. With the backing of all the reform organizations and the Bar Association, they sallied forth to insure an honest election in Chicago. This article bears eloquent testimony to the results in one ward.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

THE Nth Ward contains many Negroes and some Jews. The result is Jewish management of Negroes, who in many cases are so ignorant that they cannot read or write their own names. In this precinct the Board of Election was composed of three Jewish men, one Jewish woman, and one Negro woman.

About the only thing that was done according to law in this precinct on election day was the opening of the polls at 6 a. m. I arrived at 5:55 a. m. to find a long line of Negro voters outside trying to get in so that they might vote and get to work on time. It was almost impossible to force one's way into the polling place—a room hardly large enough to hold the election board with comfort. Only three voting booths were used, as that was the maximum number that could be crowded into the room.

Imbued with the high ideals preached to us by a member of the Citizens Association at the previous day's meeting, and with the dignity of being a deputy of the County Court with the promise of the court's full protection, three other watchers and I undertook to see that the election board conducted the voting in accordance with the rules of the election commission, whose little book of rules we proudly displayed and consulted.

One of the Republican judges, a shyster lawyer by trade, made a practice of taking the ballot of each Negro who came in to vote into the booth and marking it for him without bothering to ask the Negro if he had any preference in the matter. He was warned that the practice was contrary to law. He gave an ugly sneer and wanted to know "who the hell" we were. We showed him our little papers issued by the County Court. At this juncture the Democratic judge, a very loud-mouthed Jewish woman, called me aside and said she was glad we watchers were there as she thought the "Republicans planned to cheat." She insisted that she be allowed to go into the booth with the Republican judge to help mark the ballots. He became furious at this and pulled his gun on her twice, but we watchers took her part and he was helpless for the time being. After this had gone on for some time he became enraged and called one of his party workers, the son of the precinct captain. I overheard the word "gang" in the whispered conversation they held—and "gang" means only one thing in Chicago.

Being young and foolish, with a strong desire to live, I hastened to the nearest telephone, telling the Negro policeman on the corner to be on the watch for trouble. "Boss," he said, "I ain't taken no sides, I ain't, an' I can handle anything that happens." He looked big enough to handle almost anything, and he proved to be the only honest person about the place, but some one had him removed later in the day. My telephone report to the election commission brought the response that an officer would be sent out immediately.

About half an hour after my return to the polls seven large cars with screaming sirens, drawn curtains, and "America First," "Crowe for State's Attorney" signs plastered over the sides, drew up in front of the polling-place. Men swarmed out of them and surrounded the Negro policeman, who at that moment was having a dispute with the precinct boss and his son about passing out sample ballots and "America First" literature in front of the polling-place. They told the policeman to "lay off." He persisted. They told him what fine shots they were and pointed to machine-guns and shot-guns in the cars. Shooting was avoided by the precinct boss, a likable old Jew, who "never protected no murderer." The leader of the gang elbowed his way into the polling-place and asked his fellow-gangster, the election judge, "What's the matter here?" Before he could be told, the election official, sent by the commission in answer to my call, arrived. I drew him into a back room, explained the situation, and told him that a bunch of gangsters were outside. This information subdued him wonderfully. But he walked back into the polling-place and, pounding on the table, declared "This election must be conducted honestly."

Upon the appearance of this election official with his guard of county police, the Republican judge told his friend the gang boss to take his gang around the corner to the saloon and to wait until called. (I was later informed that this gang leader was the largest bootlegger on the South side of Chicago.) As soon as the election official was gone, the judge came over and took my name and wanted to know "what the hell" I thought I was doing. "If I knew for sure you called that election guy, you son of a ——, you'd go for a ride right now," he added.

I was watched from then on. The other watchers were called into the back room by the precinct captain, his son, and the Republican judge, and plied with wine. Levinsky, the Republican judge, could not imagine anyone being such a fool as to want an honest election, so he tried to find out from the other watchers just what my game was, and my price. The precinct boss would not stand for any rough work if things could be arranged in some other manner. The result of this parley was soon evident. Levinsky came toward me, smiling and holding out his hand. When he released my hand he left a crumpled paper in it, which proved to be a $10 bill. My first thought was "marked money," a trap, so I handed it back so fast that the bill fell

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to the floor, and despite his efforts was plainly seen by several bystanders. My fellow-watchers were beginning to think it was time they tried to bring me to my senses; I had not yet been told of the discussions in the back room about my conduct. One of the watchers asked me to go out with him to get breakfast, since it was 10 o'clock and we had not yet had a chance to leave. We started for the nearest cafe, and were carefully followed.

My fellow-watcher began by telling me in what danger I was. He said that he had told Levinsky I was just faking a concern about an honest election so that I might claim to have earned my pay; that only this story had prevented Levinsky from calling his bunch of toughs back to get me. He said further that, if I did not change my attitude and prove to Levinsky and his crowd that I was not a hostile spy, I was sure to be "taken care of," and that neither he nor the other watchers would do anything to help me for fear of what might happen to them and their families.

I began to realize that I was in no position to choose if I wanted to go home whole. On our way back the old precinct boss hailed us and bought us some cigars. Smoking one of these, I returned to the polling-place to find the gang paying another visit. They were standing in line waiting to vote names which the Republican clerk copied from the registration book and handed to the precinct captain, who in turn took them just outside the door and handed one name to each man, who proceeded to vote that name. At this early hour of the day they were taking the names outside before giving them to the gangsters to vote, but as the men returned about every hour they soon did away with this formality and the names were handed to the men openly in the room. Sometimes the same man would vote twice without leaving the room. One amusing incident occurred early in the morning while the Democratic judge still showed signs of being honest. Two of the gangsters got mixed on the names given them to vote, both claiming the same name, and they nearly had a fight when the woman judge refused to give either of them a ballot.

After each visit, Levinsky would go out to the cars with "the boys" and would hand the leader "something." Later in the afternoon, on what proved to be the gang's last trip, a fight occurred between the gang leader and Levinsky in front of the polling-place. The gang leader demanded his money for the boys who had voted. Levinsky said he was broke and that they would have to wait for it. The gang leader declared that the agreement was cash for each time they voted, and he would not go without it. From the tone of the voices I expected something more than a word battle, but again open trouble was avoided by the precinct boss, who smoothed matters over and induced the gang to leave.

What was I doing during these open violations of the law, violations which I was supposed to prevent? I was playing the good fellow to everyone—and doing it with some success, though they were still suspicious of me. The precinct captain's son asked me to go home with him for dinner. I made some lame excuse, whereupon he took me to a cafe for dinner and on the way back insisted that I stop at his house for some wine. While there, he showed me his guns, the little pearl-handled pistol he has carried with him continually since the time a rival gang tried to kidnap him and his father, and finally his girl's picture. He is a law student and expects to get his degree at the University of Illinois within the next year. He told me about the many battles he and his dad had waged for control of the precinct, and how they had never failed to carry their precinct for the "right" candidates; about the fun and excitement he got out of the scraps; and about the job that was promised him in State's Attorney Crowe's office as soon as he graduated. It never occurred to him that Crowe might be defeated.

It was apparent on my return to the polling-place that the Democratic woman judge had finally surrendered. Levinsky was getting worried, for, in spite of all the ballots he had voted illegally, he was still far short of having the required number of voters on the books. He knew perfectly well that unless he delivered the necessary number the machine would find another man for his place. The Democratic woman judge's husband was the Democratic boss of the precinct, and he likewise knew that he must deliver the goods or be cast aside. What was simpler, this being a primary and therefore no contest, than for the two sides to get together and cooperate in the matter? Levinsky told the Democratic judge that if she would shut up about what he did, he would let her do as she pleased. The bargain was struck while I was gone, but I accidentally stumbled on the results of the scheme. To get to the toilet at the rear of the building one had to walk through the little room behind the election room. There on the table I saw stacked at least two hundred Republican ballots which the precinct captain, his son, and the owner of the building were busily engaged in marking. I understood better then why Negroes were sent to that room to vote and came back so soon with the ballots properly folded. Later that afternoon the ballot box was unlocked and, in plain sight of all, a bushel-basket full of marked ballots was carried in and placed in the box. The Democratic judge and watcher were both conveniently looking out of the window at that moment. I found it desirable to walk out and talk with the officer on duty. Planted in front of the polling-place on the ground was an American flag. As I stood there a little yellow cur came along and mistook the flag for a tree. The officer gave the dog a kick and remarked that even a dog should have more respect for the flag. I thought of the men and women inside.

Not long after this we heard gun shots to the south. We found out shortly afterward that just a few blocks away the Negro, Granady, opponent of Morris Eller, had been shot and killed. On being told of this, Levinsky remarked to the precinct boss, "That's the reason the boys didn't come around again."

The polls finally closed and the ballots were removed from the box. The precinct captain then took charge. The Republican ballots were separated from the Democratic ones. The Democratic boss took charge of the Democratic ballots, the Republican boss doing the same with the Republican ones. Then the party workers systematically went through all the ballots and erased the votes unfavorable to the candidates for whom they were working. The votes were never counted; the total number on hand were cast en bloc for each party's machine candidates and the ballots were to conform. During the time the ballots were being changed an election official came to see if two of the watchers were on the job. Finding the curtains drawn and the doors locked, he knocked. The two watchers went outside to report. One of the clerks glued his ear to the door to hear what was said, while I was covered by a gun from the coat-pocket of Levinsky. The watchers reported that everything was O. K.

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Levinsky gave the police officer (who had watched the proceedings complacently) and myself the returns, though he and the precinct captain had some difficulty in agreeing upon the number of votes they would give to a certain judge; one of them liked him and the other did not. In nearly all cases he reported a unanimous vote for the machine candidates and then he copied the figures he had given me so that "they would both be the same." The Negro worker protested that such a unanimous report was likely to cause suspicion, but he was told to mind his own business.

After filling out the required report blanks we watchers shook hands all around and prepared to leave. Levinsky followed us outside. He said, "Boys, be careful what kind of reports you make, and remember, don't report me as being a judge, because I'm not going to sign the returns. And don't forget that our gang never fails to get the guy they're after, even if it takes ten years." With that he slipped $12 into our hands, "just for a little treat," and was sorry that that was all he had, because there had been "so many expenses today."

When Races Intermarry

By EARNEST ALBERT HOOTON

RADICALLY different races usually develop quite distinct forms of civilization. The racial hybrid does not inherit a culture; he must cast in his lot with one of the parent civilizations or evolve a mixed form of his own. In the former case he is likely to lose his physical and cultural identity by being reabsorbed into one parental stock; he simply leavens one parental lump. When a few individuals of two radically different races interbreed in an area of isolation and under primitive conditions, their progeny, if left to themselves, will develop not only a hybrid physical type and a bastard culture but possibly also a new race and a new civilization. Such a process has frequently been completed in prehistoric times, but today it is a rarity, largely because the development of transportation has obliterated the geographical barriers which formerly isolated human groups. People prefer to marry their own kind if they can reach them. Modern pioneers bring their women with them or go back and fetch them.

In the middle of Southwest Africa there is a prosperous colony of hybrids descended from Boers and Hottentots. The center of this pasture-land area is a town called Rehoboth in which live more than 3,000 hybrids, together with many of their Hottentot and Negro servants. Dutch immigration into this region began about 1760. Because of a scarcity of Boer women many of the men married Hottentot girls. Those who did so were disowned by the Boers who had kept their stock pure, and the principals of the mixed marriages and their hybrid offspring became segregated from both parent stocks. The hybrid children were brought up to respect their mixed origin, and the only marriages countenanced were with persons of similar descent. Consequently the lack of recent admixtures with European and Hottentot blood has preserved for these hybrids their social integrity. They settled around Rehoboth about 1860, numbering at that time approximately thirty families and 300 souls. They increased rapidly and most of the families have a fairly accurate knowledge of their ancestors for several generations back. There were about forty Boer ancestors of the original colony and a considerable number of other Europeans contributed blood during the early period of the settlement.

Professor Eugen Fischer, a distinguished German anthropologist, has made this Rehoboth colony the subject of a careful study and has embodied the results of his investigations in a book which must be ranked as the classic work on the subject of race mixture.* The data of the present article are derived from Fischer's admirable research.

The early Boers preferred to marry Hottentot girls rather than Negro girls because the former belonged to a free people with a good deal of property in cattle. The Kaffirs and Damara were slaves in the service of the Hottentots and Herero. The Hottentots are a primitive pastoral people who migrated into South Africa some time before the arrival of the Europeans. They seem to have originated from an admixture of the pigmy Bushman hunters with dark white Hamites and possibly with some Negroid stocks. Hottentots are not Negroes, but show a peculiar mixture of Negroid and Mongoloid characters which is also to be observed in their Bushman progenitors. They are small, almost dwarfish people, with yellow skins. Their hair is tightly curled in tiny spirals and grows in tufts or "pepper-corns" with bare spaces of scalp between the clumps. Their noses are as broad as those of Negroes and as flat as those of Mongoloids. Their malars or cheek-bones are very prominent and, with their pointed chins, impart a triangular shape to their flat faces. The eyes are narrow-slitted and slanting, and often show at the inner corner an obscuring fold of skin called the "Mongoloid fold." The women tend to develop at maturity huge deposits of fat on the buttocks—a feature known as steatopygia. It is not entirely a secondary sexual character because the men also show it to a minor extent. Steatopygia is found today only among the Bushmen and Hottentots, but it was prevalent among the prehistoric Europeans of the glacial retreat, as we know from female figurines of ivory and engravings belonging to that period. Possibly this deposit of fat on the buttocks is analogous to the hump of the camel—a sort of reserve larder accumulated in time of plenty and drawn upon when food is scarce. It may be a special adaptation acquired by a race of primitive men at a time when conditions of living made feasts alternate with famines. Perhaps it has been preserved in the Bushmen and Hottentots because of their sojourn in arid areas of Africa. At any rate, their almost pigmy stature, their steatopygia, and their mixture of Negroid and Mongoloid features make the Hottentots and Bushmen a sharply defined physical group.

The Boers who married the Hottentot women were probably of mixed European stock—medium to tall in stature, brunette to blond in complexion, with long faces, narrow noses, and straight or wavy hair. Professor Fischer divides the Rehoboth hybrids into three groups: those in whom Dutch and Hottentot blood is present in about equal proportions, those in whom European blood predominates,

*"Die Rehobother Bastards." Jena: Eugen Fischer. 1913.

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and those who have a majority of Hottentot ancestors. The physical characteristics of these hybrids are of great interest.

Hybrid vigor is manifested in the stature of the Rehoboth people, for they are taller than either the Hottentots or the modern Dutch. The men in whom European blood exceeds the Hottentot are taller than the Scotch, who stand at the head of the peoples of Europe in their bodily height. Weight in the males is a little below that of Europeans of the same stature; the women are slender in youth but tend to become fleshy with the onset of middle age. The fatty deposit on the buttocks, which is so striking a feature in Hottentot women, develops in the female hybrids when they reach maturity, but only to a moderate extent. This steatopygia is absent in the men.

In facial features European characteristics tend to dominate, although there are many exceptions to this rule. Particularly marked is an increased length of the face, which in the "European" group of hybrids exceeds the averages of both parental stocks. The projecting cheek-bones of the Hottentots are smoothed down in the hybrids, and the flat Hottentot nose is replaced by one with a more elevated bridge, although the great breadth of the former is often retained. The slitlike Mongoloid eye with its inner fold occurs in the hybrid children, but usually disappears in adult life. Lips are thin, thick, or medium, according to excess of European or Hottentot blood in the hybrids, or equal proportions of each.

The skin color of the Rehoboth people is brunette, white, or "olive," much like that of Southern Europeans. Here again there is a gradation according to blood, the "European" group showing the lightest complexions. Children sometimes have rosy white skins, but occasionally are very dark. In these hybrids the skin darkens with age. Tanning is so pronounced that it often results in the exposed parts of the body being darker in the adult hybrids than in the Hottentots.

All degrees of curly hair occur, but none have absolutely straight hair. Hair form follows the proportions of blood mixture. Occasionally pepper-corn hair may be seen in children—sometimes blond pepper-corn hair. In both sexes body hair is sparse as in Hottentots, and the men have very scanty beards. Hottentots have jet-black hair both in infancy and during maturity. The Rehoboth people usually have light hair or even blond hair in childhood, but it darkens with increasing age. No adults have blond hair, but in the "European" group various shades of brown are common. Eye color is prevailingly the dark brown invariable among the Hottentots, but blue eyes are frequent among the children and sometimes persist.

In general the presence of pigment in hair, skin, and eyes seems to dominate or prevail over the less colored condition. Curly hair asserts itself at the expense of straight hair. The more highly evolved facial features of the Europeans usually survive in the struggle for existence, but each individual is likely to be a blend of characters from both parental stocks.

North European children mature sexually at a relatively late age, whereas Hottentots, like most tropical peoples, ripen early. The Rehoboth hybrids resemble the Europeans in this respect. As a result the child marriages so common in Negro Africa are unknown here. Men marry between the ages of twenty-five and twenty-seven years and women between the ages of twenty and twenty-three years. The women are excellent mothers and marriages are very fertile, averaging 7.4 offspring for each union. Fischer says that 276 marriages of pure Dutch in Cape Colony yielded an average of 6.3 children. The fertility of Hottentots is not known, but is probably large.

These Rehoboth people live to a good age and enjoy excellent health. They are not particularly subject to any disease. They are very strong and are said to show greater powers of resistance to hunger, thirst, and disease than either of the parent races. They are greatly inbred, but from consanguine marriages there has resulted no diminution in fertility nor in quality of offspring. Fischer found only five feeble-minded children in the community and these did not come from strongly inbred families. No intelligence tests were undertaken at Rehoboth, but one gathers that the hybrids are by no means stupid. They may have produced no genius, but the output of morons is encouragingly small.

Before the Germans took over the rule of this part of South Africa the Rehoboth hybrids had evolved their own form of government. It consisted of a "captain," *primus inter pares*, and a council of five elders. This council had sweeping executive, legislative, and judicial functions. It seems to have been substantially similiar to the form of tribal government by chiefs and elders common among American Indians and other primitive peoples.

There are two distinct social strata at Rehoboth. Those who call themselves "the good old families" are rich or, at any rate, well-to-do. They look more like Europeans and have more European blood and more energy than the members of the lower class. They monopolize the places in the council and impart tone to the colony. A man of the lower stratum can never marry a girl belonging to one of the aristocratic families. Adhering to the upper crust are families which have a good deal of European blood but not much property. The proletariat has more Hottentot blood, less property, and fewer genealogies. It complains of oppression by the upper class.

These hybrids are a pastoral people. At first all land was held in common, but later a man acquired the land upon which he built his house, together with a garden strip. Ultimately a part of the common land was sold by the council to discharge the public debt and the rest was divided, apparently on the principle that "to him that hath shall be given." The well-to-do have town houses and dwellings on their farms. They own many cattle and employ numerous Hottentots and Herero as herdsmen. Perhaps from the Hottentots they have inherited their great love for cattle and their skill as breeders. They practice very little agriculture. The poorer men are often carters or carriers. Among these are also found the carpenters, shoemakers, and masons.

The rich have rectangular stone houses of the Cape Boer type; the poor have round Hottentot huts made of the original mats and stakes or of modern material such as kerosene tins. But no matter whether it is a stone mansion or a tin hut, the door of the dwelling always faces east (a Hottentot custom), and the houses are not arranged along streets as in Boer towns, but higgledy-piggledy. The rich have imported European furniture, but even the first families squat on the floor when no strangers are present.

European clothing is worn, as a rule, and inordinate modesty prevails. The women wear a cloth tied round their hair like Hottentot women. It is considered shameful

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to remove this cloth. Out-of-doors a sunbonnet surmounts the head-cloth.

These hybrids are fairly clean people. On Saturdays the women scrub up in good old Dutch style. They are good needlewomen and efficient housewives. The men are rather lazy and sit about smoking most of the day. Both sexes are considerably addicted to tobacco, alcohol, and coffee.

Sex morality is probably not inferior to that of many rural communities of Europe and America. Formerly the girls were very free with white strangers, hoping for marriage; but now unions with whites are prohibited. Illegitimate children still occur, nevertheless.

The children retain Hottentot traditions and play Hottentot games. They used to learn German in the mission schools, but Hottentot is the primary speech and Cape Dutch is the secondary tongue. The hybrids have no literature, no folk-lore, and no drama of their own. Most of their remedies are Hottentot, and their burials are a mixture of Hottentot and Christian rites. But they use Dutch names. Like the maternal race they are very fond of nicknames and give names to all of their cattle.

Thus at Rehoboth before the World War the crossings of Boers and Hottentots had given rise to a people physically sound and prolific, which had worked out its own material salvation. When the dregs of two races unite, one can scarcely expect their progeny to tread the heights of human endeavor. But when, as in the present instance, sound representatives, even of diverse races, intermarry, they are likely to have a vigorous and abundant issue whose cultural achievements will be commensurate with the mean of their inherited abilities, individual and racial, and with the possibilities of their physical and social environment.

Summer School

By LORINE PRUETTE

TEACHERS are unquestionably one of the most repressed groups in a modern world of labor. Theirs is a polite slavery. Teachers must be refined; they must not cry out, even when their toes are trod upon. In fact, they seldom want to cry out. You see, they really are refined. They sink into a spineless dependence upon a system that may cast them forth at any moment, on the flimsiest excuse. Jealous individualists, they will not combine or cooperate with one another to exert the power they undoubtedly possess. The greater number of subordinates are women, the greater number of bosses, men; the women assume and the men foster a semi-paternal relationship in which the teacher is supposed to be a good girl and do as she is told, not bothering her head about anything beyond the present day, leaving all important problems to father, who is omnipotent and omniscient and will give to each of his children according to her deserts. Teacher under principal, principal under superintendent, superintendent under commissioner, commissioner under the group of politicians who gave him his job. Fear everywhere and everywhere opportunity for petty tyranny. One of the most amazing of these tyrannies is the compulsory summer school. I have heard teachers groan over this, much in the manner of the small boy who groans because papa says he must chop the wood for the stove all week; but I have never heard of anyone who actively protested.

Out of the pitiful dole paid to teachers for eight or nine or ten months, a portion must be set aside to take them to summer school. Few industries attempt to specify what the employee shall do with his unoccupied time. Not so the schools. The paternal system appears to justify any invasion of personal rights. And so they come, in increasing, swarming hordes, these pathetic seekers after—what? Knowledge, wisdom, technical information? No, they come to hold their jobs. They come because they dare not stay away. Look at them.

This woman is so old that her progress up the hill to class is a daily marvel, a triumph over inconceivable obstacles. She takes notes with great care. What will become of the notes when she goes back to teaching fractions to the fourth graders?

This girl is not as young as she seems, but her rouge and vivacity make a good disguise. She is teaching tiresome little brats until she finds a man, and the summer school may help her to find one. If she sits quietly through her courses she will probably pass them, since nearly everyone does pass in summer school. She signs up for three dull courses which she hopes will not require any work and then devotes herself to the unofficial campus course. There are quiet nooks upon the campus where a man and a girl may briefly know the authentic satisfactions from such simple things as a moon and a fleeting caress. Chemistry and economics and the principles of pedagogy have no meaning here. Even if she fails in her courses her summer will not have been wasted.

This woman is a triumph of dulness. Under no conceivable circumstances would she be accepted by a reputable college—in the winter. They will all accept her in the summer. By and by she will roll up the credits for a college degree. She teaches penmanship and she is studying recreation, learning all about play activities of primitive tribes and the behavior of young infants.

This man is a school superintendent. He got his job by a combination of rather brutal aggressiveness and the capacity to use soft soap at the proper moments. Twenty years ago he sewed his mind up in its eternal swaddling clothes, but he has suddenly decided to "get educated." He encourages the professors by telling them about cases that have come under his observation.

This man has left his wife at home, very unhappy. During the winter he has been so rushed with teaching and administrative duties that he has scarcely realized he has a wife and family. When summer comes he gives her a perfunctory kiss and goes off to school. He is very ambitious and certain to get on in his world. Of course he believes that everything he does is for his family.

This man is ill, definitely ill. Three months out of doors would put him on his feet, but he cannot have three months. His superintendent knows he is ill, but has ordered him to come to school just the same. The rule must not be broken. It does not matter about the man.

It is not necessary to describe the upper 10 per cent

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who are actively reaching out toward something which the summer school may conceivably give them. They will at least hear of new books; now and then their lives may be illuminated by a fresh and startling thought. Some are thirsty for facts. Their winter chores have been arid for them; in the summer school they enjoy what is for a few a genuine cultural oasis. In addition to this small group who may be termed students is the woman's-club group, the persons of either sex who like to feel that they are "keeping up," whose interests are seldom in the subject but rather in the acquisition of names and crucial details which will enable them to decorate their conversation. It was this group that put psychoanalysis over as a language. Then there is the occasional college student who is trying to get through four years in three and the all-too-frequent college student who has flunked his winter courses and is taking them over. All of these may have reason and justification for their coming. Summer school offers another chance; it is designed for the underprivileged and the thwarted; and its development is a natural part of our democratic philosophy. It is not with summer schools in themselves that I am quarreling, but with the theories back of compulsory attendance.

Let us grant for the moment the desirability of universal schooling. As a wealthy society we can afford to extend the non-productive years almost indefinitely. We have pushed up the finishing point from the fifth grade to the eighth grade and are reaching out toward high-school graduation as the norm. Our assumption is that the teachers for all these millions of children have to be "educated," whatever that may mean. Lacking any better standard the college degree is becoming increasingly popular as the trade-mark of an educated person. This leads us at once into difficulties, for the colleges are almost universally declaring that intelligence of a fairly high order is required of their applicants. It is obvious that if all the persons with the ability required for college graduation deserted all other professions and went into school-teaching there would probably not be enough of them to man the schools. In comes the jerry-built degree from the summer school. It has as fair a sound as any other degree, but it is not as good. It cannot be, despite the best efforts of the authorities in charge of summer schools. All the laws of learning point to the gradual accretion of knowledge. Six weeks of work five days a week give nearly as many hours as eighteen weeks of work twice a week, but the process is not the same. The result is not the same, in actual learning or the beginnings of wisdom, but the degree is the same.

Not only does the summer school tend to pull down the standard of the winter school but, in its complicated aspect as a compulsory institution, it damages the integrity of the professors. Are you going to flunk that nice old lady, who might almost be your grandmother, when you know that she cannot keep her job unless she gets her certificate and that she cannot get her certificate unless she passes your course? She may not have understood what you were driving at, but she will continue to fill her allotted functions in the third grade quite as well as if she did. This man will get his job if he gets his degree. To be sure he has learned little, but who are you to throw a monkey-wrench into his life? Another teacher would grade him differently, of that you can be sure, unless you are so unaware of psychology and of statistical reports that you ascribe some peculiar validity to your own grading system. Perhaps you work out a compromise by which if he is young and stupid and lazy you flunk him, and if he is old and very much in earnest you pass him, hoping for scholarship's sake that he may die before he achieves too many degrees.

The summer school is of course a makeshift, but a makeshift that will probably be improved as its administrators and instructors are able to improve it. For 60 per cent, at least, of its students a two-weeks' "inspirational" chautauqua would probably work as well or better than the present system. But for a little group of rebels the summer school of today fulfils a particular function. Here come a few young men and women of ability. They have been thinking all the winter, repressing themselves, fearing to express what they are thinking. They have been held down in their polite slavery and here, suddenly, is comparative freedom and anonymity. Young men, grown old in the restrictions of a principal's job, declare with sudden bitterness that the family and the community cannot expect the schools to be free of sex problems since we are now keeping everybody in school, even the potential prostitutes, to the ages of fourteen or sixteen or eighteen. Young women with a frightened air voice the heresy that in organization there is strength. Rebels find one another in the crowd and the tiny flame of revolt is fanned. The summer school, with its intermingling of people from all parts of the country, contains within it a perilous germ. Slave looks at slave and wonders what will make them free. The omniscient fathers of the school system do not know what their more wayward children may be learning at this compulsory source of inspiration. They will not learn too much biology or too much chemistry, but they may get an idea. Ideas have been known to explode.

In the Driftway

LOST, strayed, or stolen. Such is the fate of 50,000,000 milk bottles a year in New York City (of 300,000,000 in the United States), so a recent newspaper paragraph stated. That means a mortality of eight bottles a year for every man, woman, and child in the metropolis. The dealers estimate that only a fifth of the loss is due to breakage; the other bottles are sunk without trace. It seems incredible. It *is* incredible, or would be to one unfamiliar with the incredibly careless, hurried, and wasteful way in which New Yorkers live. But the Drifter, who knows somewhat of life in the great city, is disposed to condole with the milk dealers rather than doubt them. Milk bottles are said to be made of especially good glass, in order to withstand rigorous boiling and rough handling, at a cost of five cents apiece.

* * * * *

A CORRESPONDENT of a New York newspaper writes to say that in Boston purchasers of milk are charged four cents for any bottle not returned. He suggests a similar system in New York. It might be worth trying, for a loss of 50,000,000 milk bottles at five cents apiece means an extra charge of $2,500,000 a year upon users of milk in New York—that is, everybody—for their carelessness. Yet this would stop the holocaust only partially—just how much, the Drifter would not dare to predict. For at present persons who buy milk occasionally at grocery or delicatessen

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stores, instead of having it delivered regularly at their doors by the milk companies, have to pay a deposit of five cents on each bottle. And are those bottles returned? Ye-e-es, some of them. But the money lost on those which aren't would send a corps of missionaries to Africa to instruct the benighted heathen how to live the civilized life—as exemplified, let us say, by New Yorkers and their conservation of milk bottles.

* * * * *

IN the issue of May 2 the Drifter quoted a decision by a Chicago judge, nullifying a wedding contracted at sea, to suggest that it seemed practically to open the road for legal companionate marriage. But according to Bernhard S. Levey of Syracuse one should not pick New York State as one in which to obtain a dissolution of matrimonial bonds entered into at sea:

> Whether or not the courts of Illinois refuse to recognize sea weddings as valid I cannot state, but I do know that other jurisdictions, of which New York is one, recognize them as entirely valid, and neither void nor voidable, unless a marriage between the same parties would have been void or voidable even though contracted in the manner prescribed by their laws, as would occur in the case of incest, infancy, insanity, etcetera.

* * * * *

THE letter of Mr. Levey takes issue also with the method of achieving legal companionate marriage in New York State suggested by Steven T. Byington, which the Drifter quoted in *The Nation* of July 4:

> Mr. Byington's commentary would be correct if he had limited it to that hectic period between 1902 and 1908 when marriages known as "common-law" marriages were *verboten*. But Mr. Byington, like Mr. Blackstone, has been amended and repealed by subsequent legislation and decisions.
>
> At the present time common-law marriages are perfectly valid, and if man and woman cohabit as man and wife they are irretrievably lost. A common-law marriage does not even require an oral agreement, but is constituted solely by the acts of the parties.
>
> Thus also the sea wedding is valid as a common-law marriage, even if the ceremony were not considered sufficient to constitute them man and wife.

* * * * *

OH, well, it looks as if New Yorkers would have to realize their companionate marriages in the same way in which they obtain their liquor.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Asleep About Al?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Concerning the true significance of Al Smith you have been asleep. His nomination is a stirring victory for tolerance and liberalism. His election would promise more for democracy than anything else that could possibly happen at this period. Are you to remain non-constructive, non-influential onlookers while the liberal millions mobilize for Smith?

Asbury Park, June 29 WILLIAM TAYLOR

In Praise of Hoover

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have known Herbert Hoover well for thirty-seven years, in America, Australia, and Europe, and in him I have the greatest confidence. Hoover, a young Quaker lad, was the first student to reach Stanford University in 1891. He is an idealist in certain ways and the most practical of men in certain others. He never likes to talk or write on theoretical matters, nor to tell beforehand what he will do. In whatever he undertakes to do, no matter how difficult, he has been ultimately successful, and some of these matters, as you know, are the most complicated ever undertaken in the face of indifference or opposition.

I do not feel at liberty to quote the words of a friend as to current matters. I may, however, refer to the matter of feeding Belgium. Lloyd George was opposed to it. "If the Belgians starve, it will be the greatest charge against Germany." Hoover's reply was that if England lets them starve it will be the greatest disgrace to England. And he had his way, though Asquith called him "a very impertinent" young man. At Berlin he won over von Jagow, to whom he said: "I am trying to feed the starving Belgian people. It is as easy as to feed a sick cat with milk, through a forty-foot bamboo pole, in a cage occupied by two roaring lions." His success in diplomacy in France was equally marked, but in a different way. His assistant, our Vernon Kellogg, now of the Research Council, was granted the equivalent of $50,000,000, each month, to feed the people in the devastated districts.

Hoover is a man without complexities, unselfish, devoted to relieving suffering, and with an uncanny insight into financial matters and the detection of trickery (usually known as politics).

In 1908 I met him in Australia. He was just about to resign a salary of $100,000—$5,000, he said, as a mining engineer, and $95,000 as a financial manager of mines. He was to go back to London to do some literary work (translation and publication of Agricola, "De Re Metallica") and hoped then to return to his home to find some public work which he could do as it ought to be done, the salary being a minor matter. He had run through mining engineering, which had yielded nothing to him save the amassing of money (of which he had all he needed).

I know of no one who ever worked with or under Hoover who does not in a way worship him.

Palo Alto, California, June 15 DAVID STARR JORDAN,
President Emeritus, Leland Stanford, Jr., University

Norman Thomas for President

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I was delighted to read your few words of commendation of Norman Thomas, the candidate of the Socialist Party. *The Nation* should logically be enthusiastically supporting Mr. Thomas, considering his personal qualities and the wholesome platform on which he is running. I have been somewhat disappointed at its timidity along this line and sincerely hope that the hint in your editorial represents a trend toward aggressive and prophetic advocacy of his candidacy. Why should not *The Nation* accept its own challenge and become one of the leaders "to marshal the hosts of dissatisfied Americans who will never, never vote for a man who sat for seven years in the Cabinet of Harding and Coolidge and could not lift his voice on any occasion to denounce the swinish corruption in which that body took part; and will never, never vote for Alfred E. Smith of Tammany Hall, the Wet running on a Dry platform"? Why is not *The Nation* fighting for Thomas for President?

New York, July 7 FRANCIS A. HENSON

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The Anti-Saloon League

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: This is about William MacDonald's review of Peter Odegard's "Pressure Politics" in *The Nation* for June 13. I like "Pressure Politics" because it is truthful; it tells some things about the Anti-Saloon League which I wish were not true, but the league is a human institution, and I suppose that even the best of us have done things which we would not do again. The review is not truthful in the impression it gives either of the Anti-Saloon League or of "Pressure Politics." Under the title The Protestant Terror it gives the impression that "Pressure Politics" tells the story of a malign organization using contemptible methods and skating on thin ice in its compliance with the law. I read of "a record of political scheming, intimidation, misrepresentation, and blackguardly tactics used in behalf of a so-called moral reform"; "the work of Protestant terrorization"; "its ring leadership, its secret funds, its contempt for corrupt practices acts." Finally there is the suggestion that "the prohibition bosses cannot, with full hearts, give thanks to Almighty God . . . that Mr. Odegard should have been permitted to write and publish this notable book."

If I may claim the honor of being a "prohibition boss" this is funny. I read the manuscript and encouraged its publication. The league gave Mr. Odegard free access to its records and files. I hope that freedom of speech is not a mere formula with me and I believe that I reflect the opinion of the Anti-Saloon League in approving the publication of all the truth in which there is any legitimate public interest, including the parts which are painful with those which are pleasant.

Mr. Odegard seems to me to have used an almost obvious method in the development of his subject. In any given subdivision he states the blackest case that has been made or alleged against the league. But before Mr. Odegard gets through he judicially presents the facts in extenuation, or counter-accusation, or refutation. I believe that Mr. Odegard leaves the fair-minded reader with the feeling that a dispassionate and judicial treatment of the league presents it as an efficient organization, manned by officers who are socially minded and without motives of self-interest; that there are revealed remarkably few human derelictions in view of the number of persons concerned, the bitterness of the controversy, and the partisan animus of the inquisitions and attacks upon the league.

Mr. Odegard's preface is to the point. "Political parties," he says, "invariably include adherents whose wills are hopelessly at variance upon all but a very few questions. . . . It is this situation which has engendered the pressure group. . . . Without organization, in the modern state, the individual is lost and his influence is negligible. . . . To deny the churches representation in this latter [corporate] sense is not only to defeat real representative government but to deny our public servants the counsel of an important body of public opinion."

Like many critics of political action by the church, Mr. MacDonald does not differentiate between political action by the church in behalf of the church and such action in behalf of human welfare. It seems to me that the liberals who deplore the participation of the church in political affairs are only putting water on the wheel of the part-time Christians who sit in the pews and want the preacher to stick to the Gospel for fear that his social or political views will conflict with their ethics of industrial exploitation and the like. If the Protestant churches took an effective position in behalf of world peace or an equitable adjustment in the industrial relations in the coal mines, would that constitute another "Protestant Terror"?

New York, June 20 ORVILLE S. POLAND,
Head of legal department, Anti-Saloon League of New York

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your reviewer of the history of the Anti-Saloon League argues that the league's was minority rule because "hardly more than two-fifths of the population of the United States, during the period of the league's greatest activity, could be regarded as church adherents, and Catholics and Jews, representing between them about one-half of the total church membership of the country, have with few exceptions held aloof."

The "World Almanac" for 1914 gives the population of the country for 1913 as 97,028,497, the church members as 36,668,165, of whom the Catholics (twelve kinds, but the Roman Catholics are about 96 per cent) and Jews make up 13,481,684. It adds, "The aggregate of 36,668,165 represents actual church membership, and includes all Catholics (communicants, but not unconfirmed minors). It does not give all persons affiliated by family ties to Protestant bodies. The larger of the Protestant bodies may claim twice the number of their communicants as nominal adherents."

So the Catholics and Jews are nearer a third than a half, and the total of confirmed church members (excluding babies) is about two-fifths of the total population (including babies). If we exclude from the population those who are below the age at which members are commonly received into the church, the church members are about half the people; and everybody who has been concerned in the affairs of a Protestant church knows that the number of adults who are not merely "nominal adherents," but take an active part in the support of the church of which they are not members, is large.

Ballard Vale, Mass., June 12 STEVEN T. BYINGTON

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I avail myself of the opportunity of commenting on two communications taking exception to statements and alleged implications in my review of Odegard's "Pressure Politics."

On the basis of figures in the "World Almanac," Mr. Byington thinks that the proportion of church members to population should be about one-half, instead of about two-fifths as I stated, and that Catholics and Jews should be reckoned at about one-third instead of one-half. I never quarrel with the "World Almanac," and the case against the league is bad enough without misrepresenting any of its features. I am greatly obliged to Mr. Byington for his correction.

Mr. Poland seems to think that I am opposed to the participation of the churches in politics or other public matters. I am not in the least opposed. What I object to is the activity of the Protestant sects, in contrast to Catholics and Jews, in fastening upon the country, under the leadership of the Anti-Saloon League, a prohibitory regime which I regard as an insult to intelligence, a fatal blow at political and personal liberty, and the greatest corrupter of public and private morals that the country has ever known. Mr. Poland, of course, does not think so. If I interpret aright a passage in his letter, he seems to imagine that unless the churches are free to go in for prohibition as they have done, they will be estoppped from expressing themselves, or allowing the preachers to express themselves, on such a matter as industrial exploitation. This seems to me very faulty logic. No church, or any other organization, has a moral right to enslave the minds and befuddle the consciences of a nation, or pray for the success of a program whose consequences, as we see them today, have been unparalleled lawlessness, crime, bribery, and hypocrisy.

Mr. Poland further suggests that I have misrepresented Mr. Odegard's book by making it out a different kind of book from what it was intended to be. I have not the pleasure of knowing Mr. Odegard, nor do I know what kind of book he intended to write. Judging the book from its contents, I gather that he intended to write a detailed and impartial history of the Anti-Saloon League, and I think he has performed that task with thoroughness and distinction. The main question, however, as I see it, is not what he meant to do, but what the record which he has examined shows about the history and methods of the league. On that point the record of facts appears to me to sustain all the criticisms which I passed upon the league.

New York, June 25 WILLIAM MACDONALD

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Books and Movies

An Infidelity

By GARRETA BUSEY

I cannot live with it—not every day!—
The hard unyielding fact that you are dead.
Always to sit and face it, eat its bread,
And drink its tears. . . . Oh, I have run away
And come again to this wood-shadowed strand
(I think we walked on violets before!)
Searching for trace of you along the shore.
But now your feet go printless on the sand.
And now reality within my door
Blots up the morning sun and chills my bed
And mocks at me for every thing I do,
And I may not escape it any more.
How strange a thing to find that I am wed
To iron fact, being in love with you.

The Radical

By RUTH LECHLITNER

Leap, Sword, red blade from my brown thigh—
Lean thigh and naked—cut your way:
Thin scarlet digit to the stars
Through massed and measured density.

Fall, Sword: this weight is not your own,
But the blood-heavy, vital chain
You carved in circles that I must
Count link by link—and break again.

Back, pit! Back mocking maw of death!
—Who bent this line I thrust out straight?
What dark Will bade me loose my sword
And free myself . . . too late?

Americans All

Prophets True and False. By Oswald Garrison Villard. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.

THIS book has a great deal that is new and pungent to say about the twenty-seven men and women it discusses, but it has even more to say about its author. No more singular man breathes the hot, blistering air of this incomparable Republic. Damned high and low for contumacy, heresy, subversion, sedition, even treason, he is actually one of the few Americans left who believe in the traditional American scheme of things, or have any hope for its future. There is a fine indomitability in him, and a breezy touch of the Berserker: he is not to be put off by defeats and disasters. Though his days are chiefly given over, like those of any other libertarian in a society of slaves, to viewing with alarm, he yet manages to preserve a romantic optimism, almost boyish in its innocence. Not long ago I met him on one of the gory battlefields that journalists frequent, and he spoke casually of the near approach of his sixtieth birthday. I confess that I was shocked. Villard near sixty? It is impossible to imagine it. He will always be of the age that dreams of honest politics—i. e., edible cobblestones, white blackbirds—and leaps to the summons of high adventure.

But do not mistake him for a moon-calf. The man is a veteran campaigner, despite his hold on youth, and has seen many a hero fall. His book is packed with the fruits of his experience. There is no futile speculation or gaudy theorizing in it; it is direct, specific, harsh, realistic. The men and women he discusses, in the main, are men and women he has known intimately and seen with clear eyes. They never appear as the mere embodiments of ideas; they are done in the round, and with due care for the warts. Some of them, indeed—for example, the preposterous Colonel House and the almost fabulous Hearst—turn out to be all wart, but that is not often. In the typical portrait there is a mellower mood, and justice is tempered with compassion. Mr. Villard cannot quite bring himself to sending his liberals to the hulks, even when, as in the case of Robert Lansing, they turn out to be wearing false-faces, or when, as in the cases of Borah and Franklin K. Lane, they desert in the face of the enemy.

The chapter on Borah is one of the best in the book. It was written before Borah's spectacular spiritual suicide at Kansas City, but a premonition of that colossal folly is in it. The man emerges mysterious—but not as mysterious as he was before. Something has been done to clear up the riddle of his baffling vacillations, his long series of treasons to his followers and himself. The statesman recedes into the background, and there appears an actor—an actor of high gifts and one often cast in heroic roles, but still mainly an actor. The big scene is what he is always thinking of. When it has been played out he loses interest in the drama. Borah cut his long hair before he went to Kansas City to embrace Fess and Jim Watson, Smoot and Vare, the Anti-Saloon League and the Ohio Gang, but he remained the scenery-chewer to the end. In some future edition of the present book, I suspect and prophesy, he will move over from the company of Reed and Walsh and take his place with Wilson and Hughes. But meanwhile justice is done to him, and there is a moving evocation of what he might have been.

Revaluations are the sad and principal concern of all liberal historians. Their heroes are forever turning out to be politicians, and hence open to reason behind the door. Even since "Prophets True and False" went to the printer Frank O. Lowden has flitted into the shadows, a mere baffled job-seeker at the end. But a couple of sturdier souls remain, and when I say a couple I probably mean one, to wit, George W. Norris. Mr. Villard's chapter on him is an eloquent tribute to the one Liberal in our politics who has stood fast through thick and thin, and I am inclined to think that it will not have to be changed, no matter how many editions this book runs through. Norris, at least, is safe. There is something archaic and romantic about his steadfastness, and Villard gets him upon paper with great skill.

But the best chapters in the book, I think, are those which deal with frauds. The brief treatise upon Colonel House reduces that erstwhile Machiavelli to a scarecrow clad in ribald rags, and the portrait of Hearst is at once the most revealing and the most devastating ever done. Here is political journalism at its very best. It unearths facts that do not lie upon the surface, and it sets forth their significance with a sure hand. When Villard has had his say about such men there is nothing left to say: they are depicted with such overwhelming vividness that they really live and move. And so through the gallery—La Follette, Leonard Wood, Henry Ford, Henry Cabot Lodge, Bryan, old Charley Curtis, Donahey, Dawes, Hoover, Al Smith—all the flitting figures in the current comedy. There is praise for some and bitter excoriation for others, but all the portraits carry the same conviction. A passionate desire to get at the truth is in them. They constitute a contribution to American political literature whose value is apparent instantly.

Mr. Villard is shy of rhetoric, but he knows very well how to write. He gets his effects simply, but with the quiet assurance of an old journalist. Few men of his time have known American politics and politicians better than he, and none has

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dealt with them in a more illuminating manner. He is not impartial, thank God! He detests frauds, and he still searches the highroads, with sixty years upon him, for honest men. Now and then, as in the case of Senator Norris, he finds one. But there is not much good hunting for hopeful liberals in the greatest free republic the sun ever shined on.

H. L. MENCKEN

"George, Be a King"

The Correspondence of King George the Third. Edited by Sir John Fortescue in six volumes. Volumes III-VI. The Macmillan Company. $8 each.

THE papers contained in these volumes extend over a little more than ten years, from July, 1773, to December, 1783, a period memorable in the history of the British monarchy and empire as witnessing George III's experiment in personal government, its ignominious failure, the loss of the American colonies, and the international humiliation of Great Britain. By far the greater part of the documents, as of those which Sir John Fortescue published in the first two volumes of the "Correspondence" (reviewed in *The Nation* February 29), come from the Royal Archives at Windsor Castle and have not previously been printed. The papers relate almost entirely to political and public matters, but they throw much light upon the King's personality. If some exponent of the "new biography" should decide to try his luck with George III, he would find here a rich harvest of illustrative material.

The King's patriotism, his devotion to what he conceived to be British interests, is apparent throughout. But equally evident is his inability to appreciate other points of view than his own. Those who agreed with him and told him what he wished to hear were men of spirit and intelligence; those who expressed different views were dishonest or ignorant. When General Gage predicted that vigorous measures would bring Boston to terms the King commended him as "an honest determined Man"; when later he urged the suspension of the coercive acts which Parliament had passed his advice was dismissed as "absurd." Like most men George III was not aware of his own prejudices, which were numerous and tenaciously held, and though he was virtually the head of a political party he never grasped the fact that he was a partisan. He saw the Opposition leaders as dangerous demagogues but himself as the father of his people, and when he was forced at last to accept these men as his ministers his mortification was unbounded. He contemplated abdication, and a message announcing his resignation was actually drafted and is preserved among his papers. It never occurred to him that those who sought to diminish the influence of the Crown might be as patriotic and virtuous as himself.

The old unreformed English Constitution, with its rotten boroughs, sinecures, pensions, and secret-service money, was in his eyes "the most beautiful Combination that ever was framed," and those whom history calls reformers were "Factious leaders and Ruined Men." He wrote to Lord North in 1774—with royal disregard of punctuation: "I owne myself a sincere friend to our Constitution both Ecclesiastical and Civil and as such a great enemy to any inovations, for in this mixed Government it is highly necessary to avoid novelties we know that all wise nations have stuck scrupulously to their antient Customs why are we therefore in opposition to them to seem to have no other object but to be altering every rule our Ancestors have left us." It was the least lovely features of the Constitution, however, for which the King reserved his greatest admiration. He always found it easy to believe that his own interests and the nation's were identical, and there is no doubt that the old Constitution treated the royal family handsomely. When an actress with whom the Prince of Wales had become entangled threatened to publish some compromising letters which His Royal Highness had written to her unless she received the tidy sum of £5,000 as hush money, it was convenient to have this item charged to the account of "Special Service." The King, it should be said, deplored this "shameful scrape" and remarked that he "never was personally engaged in such a transaction," but he saw no impropriety in having the nation pay the high cost of princely indiscretion.

In his introductions to the several volumes of the "Correspondence" Sir John Fortescue looks at men and measures through the King's spectacles. He sees the Whig leaders, especially Chatham, Fox, and Burke, as factious and disloyal demagogues, giving aid and comfort to rebels and paralyzing Great Britain in her hour of trial, and he finds nothing good to say about the rebels. It is no doubt true that American patriots and British Whigs, in their interpretation of the Revolution, have been too hard on George III, and no sensible person would find fault with an attempt to redress the balance. It is likewise true that in our own day well-intentioned advocates of Anglo-American understanding and cooperation have been guilty of a good deal of sentimentality as well as bad history. But can it be said that Sir John is either giving us good history or that he is manifesting good intentions when he writes: "If we can imagine Belgium, in this year 1927, upon a civil inquiry as to the payment of her debt to England, rising in violent indignation and calling Germany to her assistance, we may form some idea of the feeling which the Alliance between France and the revolted Colonies must have raised in England in 1778. Definitely the Americans turned their backs upon the Mother Country, and joined with the old inveterate enemy against her. They committed themselves, in fact, to hostility against England for an indefinite period, a period which is not yet ended"?

We know what to think of those elements in our own country that delight to fan the embers of an ancient animosity, but here is an eminent English scholar, a former president of the Royal Historical Society, enlisting under the same unholy banner.

ROBERT LIVINGSTON SCHUYLER

The Innocence of Father Walsh

The Fall of the Russian Empire. By Edmund A. Walsh, S.J., Ph.D. Little, Brown and Company. $3.50.

FATHER WALSH writes of Russia with the flaming innocence and wonder of a tabloid editor handling a Snyder murder or the misadventures of a Peaches Browning. Indeed, he dwells upon scenes of murder and destruction with such voluptuous detail that the news editor of any tabloid might well consider putting his cub reporters to school at Georgetown University, where Father Walsh is Regent of the School of Foreign Service. In "The Fall of the Russian Empire" thirty sanguinary pages, more than one-tenth of the text, are given to a description of the murder of the Czar and his family.

The book purports to cover primarily the rapid dissolution of the Czarist regime and the brief interregnum before the Bolsheviks seized power. The story is broken by long historical discursions and by melodramatic alarums on the perversions of the new regime. Father Walsh's emotional naivete in dealing with personalities and events attached to the rule of the Soviets suggests the attitude of Senator Heflin toward the Roman Catholic church. Ten years of Soviet rule are summed up by him in the airy phrase "the Bolshevik sits grinning in the throne-room of the Kremlin, munching sunflower seeds." Lenin, by implication the Kaiser's agent and leader of a Jewish conspiracy, is introduced as "an undersized, bald-headed Russian exile, of a semi-Mongolian cast of countenance," and this is supplemented a few pages later by a quotation describing him as "one of the most fearless, crafty, and wilful maniacs of our time."

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This sort of scholarship may be calculated to split the ears of the groundlings in extremely unsophisticated audiences, but it seems curiously inadequate for a volume described by its publishers as "an authoritative history." For instance, Father Walsh writes: "Dzherzhinsky, chief of the dreaded Cheka, executioner of 1,800,000 victims." This grotesque figure, originally 1,776,118, was casually invented by a Czarist propaganda bureau. It appeared in a dispatch from Riga to the London *Times*, September 1, 1922, as coming from "original Bolshevist sources." In fact, the source was no more official than the name "Gordon" blown in a bottle of bootleg gin.

In describing the attempt of General Kornilov to overthrow the Kerensky Government and set up a military dictatorship, Father Walsh proceeds with a similar naive disregard of his sources. Of the attempt he says: "The inner history remains obscure." In his book, "The Catastrophe," which Father Walsh cites as a source, Kerensky makes it clear that while his British allies in the great crusade for democracy were giving him bland assurances of support, they were actively financing Kornilov's attempt and even printing the propaganda of that military adventurer and distributing it from their diplomatic cars. This delicate attention, wholly ignored in Father Walsh's narrative, is one of the most interesting bits of "inner history" of that troublous time.

One might cite many other examples of Father Walsh's innocence. Leningrad is for him "a decaying, half-deserted city." In fact, its population under the urban census of 1923 was 1,067,328, and under the general census of December, 1926, it was 1,614,008. Even in matters geographical Father Walsh's innocence obtrudes. Writing of Russia's outlets he says: "Both Petrograd (*sic*) and Archangel lead into the narrow straits dominated by Denmark and Sweden." Archangel is, of course, on the White Sea, with its sole outlet on the Arctic Ocean. Aside from these two ports, frozen nearly half the year, Father Walsh states that "the only other hope of free exit is by Vladivostok, five thousand miles distant from the heart of the empire." Apparently the author never heard of the all-year ocean port of Murmansk, 875 miles by rail from Leningrad. Nearly $50,000,000 worth of American cotton alone passed through the port of Murmansk last year.

One may conclude that emotional innocence is a rickety foundation for "an authoritative history." Father Walsh promises a later volume dealing exclusively with the Bolshevist regime. It should prove of interest.

HAROLD KELLOCK

Figures of Earth

Growing into Life. A Magna Charta of Youth. By David Seabury. Boni and Liveright. $5.

VARIOUS have been the ceremonies observed throughout the ages to celebrate the attainment of puberty. Quaint customs obtain even today in less inhibited climes—a sort of juvenile saturnalia usually prevails during which a license is permitted which both earlier and later had been bootless. Ordinarily these rites are conducted by the elders of the tribe, under whose disillusioned though mayhap envious eyes the maturescent are initiated into the privileges of adulthood.

In America it is far otherwise. For the youth of our era require no extraneous help for their induction into life: their elders fulfil only the role of disapproving chorus. The rites of adolescence are performed in boarding-school dormitories, Ford coupes, cabarets, river boats, dim-lit parlors, and vestibules.

Are the youth of today happier? For a happy childhood really matters, Samuel Butler to the contrary notwithstanding. There is, perhaps, no answer to such a question. But at least there is more of an effort to understand childhood and adolescence. The child is no longer regarded as a miniature adult, but as plastic clay from which are to be molded the figures of earth which shall glorify or malign the species.

In his very ambitious book Mr. Seabury has attempted to cover the whole field of the mental hygiene of youth. He has attacked the subject with characteristic thoroughness. In fact, he has made too good a job of it. For it will indeed be a meticulous parent or teacher who will follow him to page 715. Those who do will be well rewarded, however, by their better insight into the mechanisms of character.

In his appendix Mr. Seabury has placed a number of charts designed to help in the study of the personality. It is doubtful just how much value such methods have in dealing with human problems. The diagram is all very well as a temporary aid to a lecturer, but efforts to reduce psychological problems to geometrical designs have more intellectual interest than pragmatic value.

This is, however, a minor point. Mr. Seabury has shown quite clearly how morbid methods of thinking, unwise parental examples, the formation of unhealthy conditioned reflexes, and other pathological factors can so distort the personality as to result in an intensely unhappy, inefficient adult, while a little attention to these factors in their nascent state can bear fruit in a well-balanced personality.

Throughout, Mr. Seabury's book is illustrated by many examples, drawn from life, mostly of cases actually studied by him. There are several appendices and a glossary. On the whole a book well worth reading, but with its subject matter so presented that it is to be feared that its legitimate audience will forever remain inaccessible.

JOHN E. LIND

The Canadian Granary

Pooling Wheat in Canada. By Walter P. Davisson. Ottawa, Canada: The Graphic Publishers. $2.50.

THE story of the rapid growth of the Canadian wheat pools which in their third year marketed through a central selling agency over 60 per cent of the Western wheat crop and 30,000,000 bushels of coarse grains is made available to the general public in a book of about 500 pages, abundantly illustrated. The author, a former pool official and for twenty years active in agrarian movements, is frankly a propagandist of the pool plan. He regards the organization of the wheat pools as the greatest achievement in the rather epic story of the conversion, within a space of forty years, of the Canadian prairies into the greatest export granary in the world.

The Canada Wheat Board, a war creation to prevent profiteering, gave the growers an idea of the working of a government-controlled, compulsory system of centralized wheat marketing. When this board was abolished in 1920 some growers protested; others began to agitate for a similar marketing agency, with grower control and voluntary contract. The agitation made little headway until 1923, when a Canadian record wheat crop of 470 million bushels was thrown on the market in a disorderly rush, breaking prices below the cost of production in many cases. An extensive system of cooperative elevators built up through twenty years of effort was of no help in stemming the grain stampede. The growers saw the need of a marketing system to control the movement of grain through the elevators. Aaron Sapiro was brought in, and the "gospel of orderly cooperative marketing and self-help as preached by him ran across the prairies like a flame," writes Mr. Davisson. Organization of pools was undertaken in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, members signing a contract to place the control of the marketing of all their wheat in the pools for five years. A central selling agency was formed with a $20,000-a-year executive, and connections were

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established in the principal grain markets. This agency handled about 50 per cent of the 1924 crop, paying pool members an average of $1.45 for Northern No. 1, against an average of 98 cents paid by the trade the year before.

The pools deduct two cents a bushel to acquire elevators, and now control a big chain of country elevators, seven terminal elevators at the head of Lake Superior, and other large elevators at Buffalo, Vancouver, and Prince Rupert. Six per cent interest is paid on deductions for elevator purposes.

Mr. Davisson does not think the pool will be tempted to try artificially to inflate prices, as that would first restrict sales and then bring more land under wheat. The pools, he points out, are pledged by the charter of their selling agency to strive to preserve for both growers and consumers their proper economies, and he quotes statistics to show that prices of bread in England were not changed because the pools advanced the growers' price nearly 50 per cent.

The pool way, the author predicts, will prove an instrument to induce a juster balance between town and country and a powerful urge to farm diversification, spreading the risks over many products and energizing the winter months. The author devotes much space to the propaganda and tactics of the opposition forces arrayed against the pool plan, and admits that the cooperative spirit will not have smooth sailing among the polyglot population of the prairies. "The greatest battle in history is joined," he declares. C. McKAY

Books in Brief

The Spanish-American Frontier: 1783-1795. The Westward Movement and the Spanish Retreat in the Mississippi Valley. By Arthur Preston Whitaker. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

In this volume Dr. Whitaker furnishes a bird's-eye view of the tangled aftermath of the American Revolution. His story deals with the dramatic struggle between Western frontiersmen and Spanish cavaliers for the control of the region lying west of the Appalachian Mountains, south of the Ohio River, and east of the Mississippi. It will appeal to the reader who knows Western history as well as to the specialist who wishes to become versed in archival explanations of diplomatic maneuvers. Through its pages flit such picturesque figures as Baron de Carondelet, the inept governor of Louisiana, the obtuse Spanish statesman, Count Floridablanca, the enigmatical and intriguing American, General James Wilkinson, the fortunate Carolinan diplomat, James Pinckney, and John Sevier, the typical American frontiersman. This interpretative study of the Old Southwest during a critical period makes plain that the contest for that portion of the Mississippi Valley was largely won by aggressive, opportunistic pioneers whose rude philosopher believed that a fool could sometimes put on his clothes better than a wise man could do it for him.

Degas: An Intimate Portrait. By Ambroise Vollard. Sixteen illustrations. Greenberg. $3.

This study of Degas is built upon the same informal basis of suggestive conversation as underlay the author's preceding studies of Cézanne and Renoir. But it is not equally successful; the method supposed to illuminate the high lights of character falls short of its purpose here and reads too often like pointless gossip. Perhaps the fault lies in the fact that M. Vollard could not bring to a character study of the irascible Degas—for the book is in no sense an evaluation of his art—the same sympathy and admiration that he had for the Master of Aix. The attempt to prove that Degas's nasty temper, which created for him the contemporary picture of an ogre who detested most men and all women, children, dogs, cats, and flowers, was only the result of a defense mechanism to cover an innate good nature is weak and gratuitous. Why bother? It would have been much wiser to display frankly and proudly his unrelenting attitude toward the world.

The Harvest of the Year to the Tiller of the Soil. By L. H. Bailey. The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

In Dr. Bailey's philosophy is much of that spiritual apprehension of the soil which in the minds of ancient men must have been responsible for the concept of the Vegetation God. Mankind, Dr. Bailey holds, sustains not merely an economic but an ethical and a spiritual relation to the earth. This point of view, first enunciated in "The Holy Earth," is applied in "The Harvest" to the economic problems of agriculture. These should be solved, he maintains, not on a political basis, but by the scientific method. He advocates a conscious public policy in respect to agriculture, rather than a mere attempt to meet specific difficulties as they arise. Further, he urges urban people to "develop an interest in agriculture as a human and social subject, and not desire its betterment merely to enable the farmers to purchase more goods."

Spanish Art. Burlington Magazine Monograph. E. Weyhe. $15.

This is not a "story of Spanish art." It realizes what almost all of the popularizing outlines hardly ever approach: a readable and interesting introductory study to a complicated subject, sacrificing nothing to dignity and offering the best in scholarly research. There are nine essays on painting, architecture, sculpture, and the minor arts, each written by an authority in his special field. It is cheerful to find that scholars have learned to write so well; the essay on painting, to take only one, is a masterpiece of succinct presentation. One regrets perhaps that as many as six of the nine essays are devoted to the minor arts; but then it is particularly in the field of ceramics and metal works that Spain proves herself superior to the larger countries. This volume, like the earlier monograph on Chinese Art, is exquisitely printed and extravagantly illustrated with fine color and half-tone plates.

Negro Drawings. By Miguel Covarrubias. Alfred A. Knopf. $7.50.

This is the second collection of drawings by Covarrubias to appear in book form. Those who were not convinced by his first book, "The Prince of Wales and Other Famous Americans," that a caricaturist of great distinction lives among us will no longer be skeptical. Herein upon an ebony background shuffles the colorful pageant of Harlem life, snapping its fingers, writhing in bawdy and eccentric dances, moaning "blues," shooting craps, getting religion. Covarrubias sets down what he saw with such an unerring feeling for character that one whoops with delight at the sheer shocking truth of his types. The humor resides, as Frank Crowninshield points out in an excellent critical introduction, in the draftsmanship itself, relying on no situation obviously farcical or employing no "clever legend." In other words, the humor of Covarrubias lies in his power to divine the comic intention of the Almighty who fashioned these people in the first place. The drawings aside from their humor have genuine aesthetic value. They are admirable in design, and those which are executed in wash, oil, or tempera are most satisfying in their three-dimensional authority. In addition to the introduction by Mr. Crowninshield is an amusing and enlightening preface by Ralph Barton.

Human Waste in Education. By Anna Y. Reed. The Century Company. $2.50.

Containing some truths and many half-truths, both mixed with a large amount of prejudiced opinion, this volume leads up to the astonishing conclusion that children should not be compulsorily retained in school beyond the age of fourteen years and that, especially for those who are backward in their school work, industrial life is a safer and more educative regime. Work, the argument runs, produces the desirable qualities of thrift, industry, and resourcefulness, while compulsory school

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attendance, on the other hand, breeds truancy, idleness, and delinquency. It is the old justification of child labor dressed up in the new clothes of modern psychology and educational research—clothes which do not fit and have the appearance of being borrowed. Educational leaders and psychologists will agree with much that Dr. Reed says regarding the failure of our schools and the need for individual treatment of children. The remedy offered by educators, however, is not to open the doors of industry to such children but to change the schools. Dr. Reed's alternative is not a surprise to those who have followed her child labor pronouncements during the last ten years.

Yankee Doodle-Doo. A Collection of Songs of the Early American Stage. Compiled with an Introduction and Notes by Grenville Vernon. Payson and Clarke, Ltd. $5.

Mr. Vernon has no illusions as to the literary value of these lyrics from American plays written between 1760 and 1860. The writer of the book of the early American comic opera was no more a poet than is his modern descendant. To provide rhyming lines on which a tune could be hung was—and still is—the major object of the librettist. Mr. Vernon has reprinted the airs where the music is available, and in some of these rippling melodies one catches far-away echoes of Haydn and Mozart. In general whatever enjoyment the songs gave was owing, as in our day, to the musician rather than the poet.

Karl Goldmark: Notes from the Life of a Viennese Composer. Translated by Alice Goldmark Brandeis. A. and C. Boni. $2.50.

Karl Goldmark has set down elsewhere what he wished to say about music; here the factors in his musical development are described primarily as an integral part of his life-adventure. There is something of the typical hero of romance in this penniless youth, who by a wise mixture of tact and audacity and we presume personal charm, is enabled with comparative promptness to marshal his gifts before an enthusiastic public. An old man of eighty tells the story; we seem to listen at his knees, affectionately and yet in awe; for he lived in a great period and moved as an equal among figures that have begun to assume the appearance of myth.

Columbus. By Marius André. Translated by Eloise Parkhurst Huguenin. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.

Since Columbus is one of the most romantic of all legendary heroes, some "new" biographer was in duty bound to debunk him: to make him seem common, ordinary, "human," and all that sort of thing. M. André uses almost every trick that typifies the thoroughly conventionalized unconventionality of present-day biography. He takes particular delight in pointing out the many fabrications that Columbus and his worshipers invented—and then he himself calmly fabricates a whole series of spicy dialogues, after the fashion of M. Maurois *et al.*

The Borgias: Alexander VI, Caesar, Lucrezia. By Guiseppe Portigliotti. Translated by Bernard Miall. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

Most recent scholarship, both Catholic and Protestant, has been rather favorable toward the Borgias; it has stripped off much of the fresco of romance that once made them alluring and has succeeded only in making them rather dull. This latest biographer attempts to rejuvenate the faded Borgian glamor—the hair-raising tales of poison and unnamable sexual crimes—but he is even duller than his predecessors. Yet he argues so well and his pages bristle with so many authoritative citations that one might accept his deductions if they ere not invariably unfavorable to this famous triumvirate of sinners.

Spring Plowing. By Charles Malam. Woodcuts by J. J. Lankes. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

Rural poetry by a writer of marked skill and subtlety who has not, however, learned yet to conquer the tendency of any rural poet toward rural cant.

Moving Pictures

The Russian Contribution

JUDGING by what has been written in America of such Russian films as "Potemkin," "Czar Ivan the Terrible," and "The End of St. Petersburg," the proper way of expressing oneself on the subject of Russian movies is by beating the big drum and shouting at the top of one's voice. Screaming, for those who like it, is also permissible. Perhaps all this is as it should be. Perhaps it is natural that discussion of films, as of everything else connected with Soviet Russia, should be tinged with a certain amount of sensationalism. The enhanced interest in and appreciation of Soviet art—if such is the effect of this sensationalism—is all to the good.

But what is one to do if, like the present critic, one has no talent for beating the drum? Apparently one will have to be content with a dispassionate discussion of the merits of Soviet films irrespective of other considerations.

At the outset let this important point be properly understood. Whatever other qualities or defects Soviet movies may have, the very fact of their Soviet origin is in a sense an artistic quality. This "Soviet origin" has rightly come to be regarded as the emblem of fearless grappling with reality, of tearing down the shams which have been set up by the class-prejudices of the bourgeois world. There is such a thing in art as the pathos of stark truth, and today Soviet films seem to be the chief providers of this rare and hence so invigorating article. Nor is this all. The "Soviet origin" is entitled to credit for another artistic quality of importance: it is responsible for an independence of outlook which refuses to bow before established conventions and is always ready to test new forms, new methods, and new ideas.

How much of the appeal of Soviet films is due to the characteristic difference of this matter and manner, and how much to their intrinsic artistic qualities, is not a question to be easily answered. It would seem that the shouting and screaming should be ascribed in the main to the appreciation of the "difference," while the intrinsic appeal of the films, where it is present, is to be regarded as a contributory factor helping to enhance the very characteristics which make Soviet films so startlingly "different."

For our part, we accept with gratitude the stark truth of Soviet films and the ardor for social justice in the light of which this truth is bared. It is possible that the day will arrive when nakedness of life by reason of its very familiarity will cease to impress in the movies as it has ceased to do so in modern literature, not to mention the nakedness of body in primitive communities. But for the present the Soviet starkness impresses, and we are thankful. There are scenes in "Czar Ivan" and "The End of St. Petersburg," as there were earlier in "Potemkin," which almost stagger one by their undisguised ghastliness and brutality. Yet one welcomes even the brutality when one remembers such charlotte russes from Hollywood as John Barrymore's "Tempest" (incidentally, in Hollywood the French Revolution of the popular fiction still passes for the last Russian Revolution. The scenes of tribunals and crowds, and the stock phrases about "aristocrats," seem to come straight from "The Two Orphans" and such popular romances).

Our gratitude to the Russians for the manner in which they present their material is somewhat less fervent, being tempered and conditioned by considerations of intrinsic artistic quality. In "Potemkin" the story of the mutiny as told on the screen catches something of the pulse of drama. Its emotion is conveyed through the physical appeal of various forms of movement direct to our senses. "Potemkin's" tempos as revealed in its suspenses, climaxes, and pauses thread the story

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with a throbbing dramatic unity which is felt as if it were physically alive. It is thus that "Potemkin" achieves cinematic dramatization, albeit in a manner that is still faltering and crude. But the achievement itself is a triumph of art, and this is "Potemkin's" justification for being regarded as a landmark in the progress of the movies.

Nothing approaching this achievement can be claimed either for "Czar Ivan" or "The End of St. Petersburg." The former picture, conventional in its story, is also largely conventional in its form except in one scene—the scene of the Czar's orgy which shows a certain originality in the rhythmic treatment of the dance. For this scene Tarich, who directed the picture, deserves all credit. But the chief honors of the film go to Leonidoff for his extraordinary impersonation of Ivan the Terrible. Nothing so subtle and yet so dynamically expressive had ever before been seen on the screen. Leonidoff does not merely register an expression. He gives it suspense and movement, which make it a part of the whole drama. The screwed-up eye and the concealed smile with which he watches the humiliation of a boyard offender are unforgettable, and represent the high water-mark of cinematic acting. The characterization of other actors is also excellent, but the film as a whole, striking in many ways as it is, lacks cinematic unity and in so far fails in fashioning out of its interesting material a truly cinematic drama.

"The End of St. Petersburg," though less conventional in its story and general treatment than "Czar Ivan the Terrible," is nevertheless even less impressive as a drama. This is rather surprising, as the material is there and the director Pudovkin gives innumerable instances of his ability to see things in an original and revealing light. All the same, the picture seems to be singularly lacking in substance. The story, which begins with a promise of picturing the downfall of the old world, soon resolves itself into a purely schematic and somewhat abstract recounting of the familiar factors which brought about the revolution: the callousness of the masters, the brutality of the war, the starvation of the people, and, finally, the victorious rising. The life of the masters is only hinted at with one or two deftly satirical touches; and the life of the masses is also only barely outlined in purely schematic and needlessly monochrome scenes. The feature that distinguishes "The End of St. Petersburg" and places it considerably above the average product is the passionate fervor of its photography. It is a cameraman's picture with all the camera-man's search for the most characteristic angle and sometimes the most symbolical object. But a motion picture is more than merely a sequence of still views, however quickly they follow one another and however expressive is their arrested symbolism. In "The End of St. Petersburg" there is perhaps more of this literary symbolism than the picture can hold.

"The End of St. Petersburg" is worthy of all the enthusiasm that has been showered on it if only for its striking "difference" from the Hollywood article, which it shows in its fearless and earnest tackling of life and in its mordant penetration into the visual substance of its human world. As a photographic record of the reconstructed events of the Russian Revolution it is superb. As a dynamic narrative—as a cinematic drama—it is loosely connected, jerky, and often flat.

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International Relations Section

Communism in China

By PEARL S. BUCK

FOREIGN optimists have said that communism could never succeed in China, and the Nationalist Government now has decided against allowing the Communists to continue as a part of the Revolutionary Party. Indeed, they have adopted the most extreme measures against Communists in all sections of the country under their control. But although Russian propagandists and agents have been forcibly ejected from China and although thousands of Chinese Communists have been killed by the Nationalist Government, the Communist cause on the whole continues to prosper, and he is a blind patriot who denies it. The newspapers almost daily carry headlines concerning new Communist uprisings, and the butchery with which Communists were treated in Canton has not served to daunt them in other places. In Hunan and Honan recently whole communities, men, women, and children, have been massacred by bands of peasants calling themselves Communists, and the same has been true in other sections. Shanghai itself is admittedly teeming with Communists, who, except for the rigorous surveillance of the police, Chinese and foreign, would certainly come forth with something more than the placards they usually satisfy themselves with at present. I say "usually," because I have before me a newspaper reporting that, recently, a few blocks away from me five Chinese were killed by a group of Communists, because one of the hapless persons was suspected of giving information to the police concerning one of the Communists.

When one studies the forms which communism is now taking in China one realizes that it is not Russian but Chinese communism. Things are being done as communism which for centuries have gone on under other names. Russian propagandists and agents, as a matter of fact, have taught the Chinese working and idle classes very little beyond the name Communism, or Kung Ts'an T'ang. Funds were undoubtedly furnished from Russia for a time, but there is no guaranty that they are still being furnished. Yet the thing grows and flourishes, and if one dared prophesy in China these days one would prophesy that this "communism" is going to increase, certainly for a time. More certainly, it is the greatest problem ahead of the Nationalist Government.

Were it a foreign thing it could be easily wiped out. Foreign ideas of any sort have taken no deep root in China as yet. But the communistic ideas in China have their roots in something far deeper than Russian propaganda—in the Chinese habit of mind and in the ancient wrongs of the common people, with which foreign treaties and international relations have nothing to do. Indeed, when one reads the handbills and literature of these Communists in China, one finds almost no reference to the presence or oppression of the foreigner. The posters and books are all against the government, the militarists, the rich, and the imperialists of their own country.

These are no new complaints. Class feeling in China has always been strong. China has been a country of notoriously corrupt rulers, but it has been a common thing for the people in a district to rise up suddenly, arm themselves with knives and farm implements, and, sweeping down upon their local official, to tear up his court or "yamen," kill him and his family, plunder his goods, and go home with a sense of duty done—all because the official had gone beyond the limits of corruption regarded as permissible.

Modern implements of war, however, have enabled the militarists and officials to arm themselves and their retinue, while the people have remained unarmed. The resentment of the people has increased accordingly. Anyone who has traveled through interior China and has talked with people of all classes realizes that every rich man, even long before the days of the present revolution, held his possessions but lightly, and every poor man hoped and expected that at any moment he might become rich. In every period of political or local disturbance the poor rose and plundered the rich and often killed them and their families if any resistance was offered. Many a fortune has changed hands overnight, and many a wealthy man been made a beggar and thankful at that to have his life spared. The average Chinese feels that such changes are to be expected, that there is no redress for them, and that, after all, there is a sort of rough justice in allowing someone else to enjoy the riches for a time.

The secret societies with which China has been permeated from earliest times are another root of communism. It is almost impossible to estimate their number. Certainly the majority of the male population belong to some such society, demanding the highest loyalty of its members and in many cases exacting the death penalty for any defection. The present Communists have a typically Chinese organization and embrace in their ranks many of these secret societies. Within these secret organizations for many centuries possessions have been held in common and the members are sworn to help each other to the utmost. A very ancient society of this kind is the "Ts'ai-ch'ing," made up of men and a few women who have no regular employment but band together to extort money from anyone they can. They do not mind murdering to achieve their ends. This society originated many centuries ago as a self-protective society, but it quickly degenerated into a predatory group, and now is one of the strongest communistic groups in the country. It is closely organized into varying ranks, each having a leader and "students" or apprentices. All money is held in common. The society has its own language, its own book of laws, and its own god. Many of the members are farmers and peasants, but most are idlers about cities and towns. A few rich people join it in order to protect themselves from its depredations, paying a percentage of their income into the general fund. Another such society, even more communistic in that it recognizes no distinction of rank within the group and calls all men "brothers," is the Red Spears, an ancient society now rising with fresh strength in many parts of China.

Thieves and robbers of course have such associations, and the police are often compelled to bicker and make bargains with them rather than to arrest for crimes committed. The safest protection for a private citizen is to pay a retainer to the chief of the thieves rather than to the chief of the police. The Chinese mind accepts such conditions as normal, and allows to robbers, bandits, and criminals the right to live and pursue their calling as recognized, although not honored, parts of society. One finds

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almost universal sympathy toward bandits. The tendency is to blame society rather than to condemn the bandits. Particularly are the rich blamed for the crimes of the poor, who may choose to rob rather than to work.

One of the most famous Chinese novels, written some six hundred years ago, gives a very clear picture of what still persists as the bandit situation. The novel deals with a group of robbers—in every case the leaders took to the trade because of the injustice of the rich or of some official, and the author's sympathy is clearly with the robbers. For recent editions of this novel a modern Communist has written a preface, claiming that the book is one of the earliest treatises on communism. It shows, he says, how society, even in those early days, was so organized that the poor had no chance of a share in the goods of life unless they took it by force. The author, Shih Nai-an, in his own preface to the book, stoutly maintained that he wrote only to amuse. But the earnest young Chinese of this generation will not have it so, and the book is enjoying a real renaissance in its new guise.

In spite of rigid class divisions the Chinese have been the most democratic of peoples. There was always a chance for a man to rise in position through scholarship or military skill. The humblest man could compete for high place if he had brains and persistence. People early became accustomed, therefore, to the idea of change of class in society. Indeed, the Chinese have enjoyed such extreme individual freedom that one wonders if they will ever be able to endure the legal restrictions of an ordinary modern republic. The bond between ruler and subject has been of the slightest, many times scarcely going beyond the payment of an annual tribute, and local autonomy has been carried very far. The first reaction of the average Chinese to any new kind of control is to rise up against it in indignation. Toward the end of every dynasty one finds just such an insurrection as is now taking place in so many rural districts in China. Groups of bandits organized, waxed strong, and brooked no control of any kind. Self-protective societies rose to oppose them and grew strong in turn. Many times the emperors themselves came from the ranks of these societies. The first emperor of the East Han dynasty, for instance, was a common man. The first of the Sung emperors was of the lower ranks of society. The first Ming emperor was a cowherd. It is no alien thing to the Chinese mind, therefore, for a man of lowly station to rise to the very throne itself. It is not without reason that every coolie feels himself a potential president.

To this habit of mind which sees no wrong in using force to seek redress for individual grievance against society, or in forcing the rich to give up their possessions on demand, there is added the impetus of years of actual injustice to the poorer classes. It has been the ideal of the rich man in China to spend his entire time in the pursuit of pleasure—perhaps because he has felt keenly his uncertain tenure of goods! The years of continued internal warfare have rendered it almost impossible to make safe investments. But this spectacle of prodigal spending for food and clothing and pleasure has brought the increasing number of the poor to the point of madness.

Class discontent in China has been directed particularly against the unequal division of property, particularly land. The Chinese are not unused to the idea of land held in common. Thousands of years before Christ there was a division of land which allowed for one-ninth of the total area being worked in common. Since then there have been other similar divisions. The Communists who speak of sharing the land and the profits therefrom appeal to an ancient tradition, and it is quite true that in some parts of China today famine has forced small landholders to sell their land to large owners, and it may be true that a redivision of the land is indeed necessary.

So the Chinese needed no one to teach them how to rebel against organized society, and they needed no one to teach them to kill ruthlessly for what they wanted. One is appalled in reading the novels of China, those true mirrors of the people, to see how carelessly life has always been given and taken. As one Chinese put it, "Our life is but a killing back and forth." It needs no Russian explanation to make one understand how a Communist secret society can sweep into a community and wipe it out overnight without sentiment and without regret. The T'ai-pings of the middle ninteenth century were ultra-Communists before bolshevism had ever been heard of. The one new thing which has been added to the modern communism of China is the denial of the rights of the family over the individual and the virtual breakdown of all family ties. Yet even this can scarcely be considered wholly new, since from ancient times the communistic secret societies set their demands for loyalty in many cases even above the family. But certainly the new freedom in the sex relations is very new, and this innovation may perhaps be attributed to Russian influence.

And because communism, so-called, in China is but a fresh recrudescence of an old form of revolt, it seems improbable that any measures, however severe, can immediately eradicate it. It has become, by long usage, a state of mind habitual to the average poor man of China.

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